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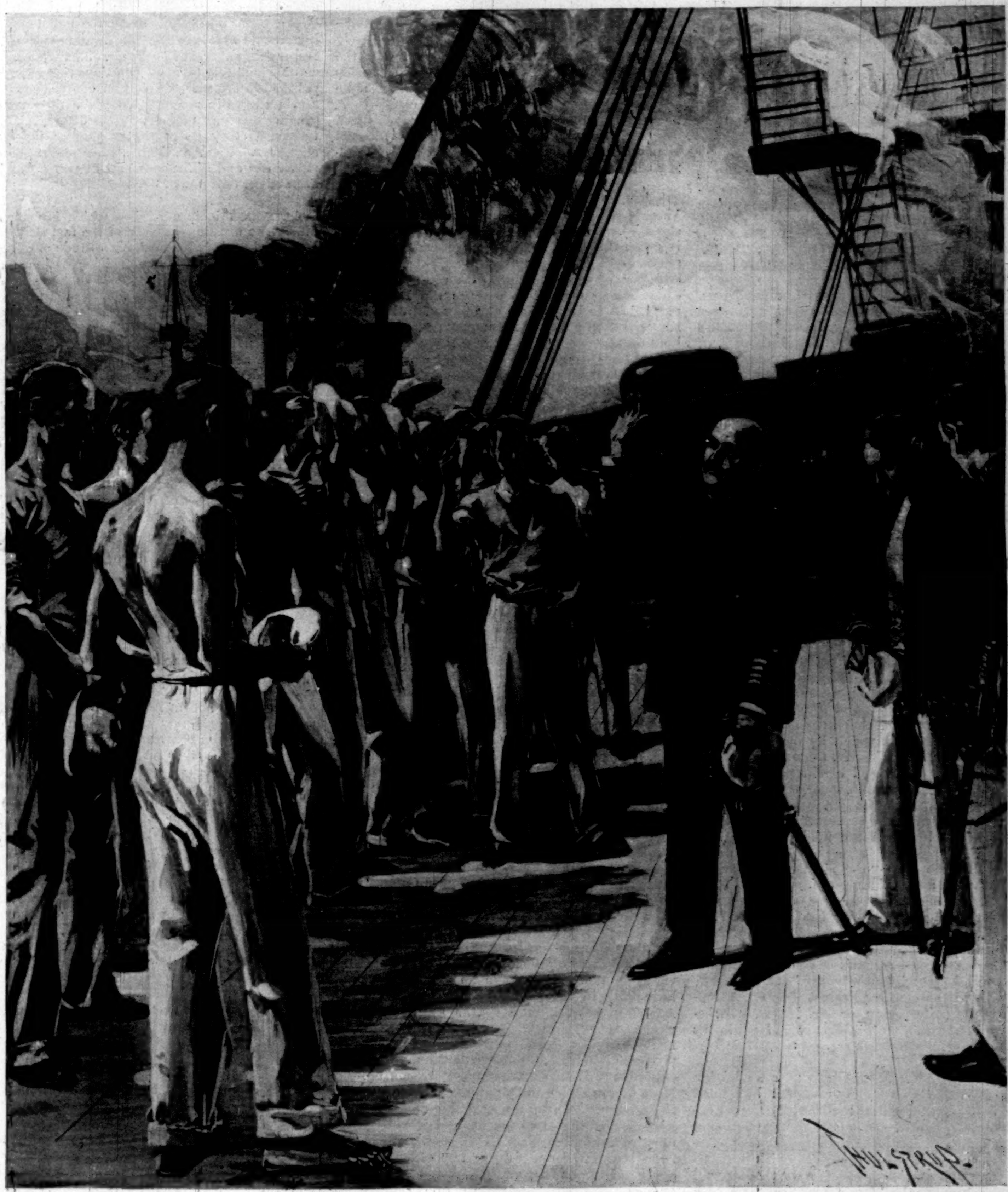


AFTER CERVERA'S DEFEAT—CAPTAIN PHILIP GIVES THANKS ON THE DECK OF THE "TEXAS."

DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.

"I want to make public acknowledgment here that I believe in God, the Father Almighty. I want all you officers and men to lift your hats, and from your hearts offer silent thanks to the Almighty."

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, JULY 16, 1898

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS

New York City: Franklin Square

This Paper will be the best Pictorial History of the War with Spain, as it was of the War of 1861. Its Special Artists and Correspondents will follow the Army and Navy, and notable Events in Washington and elsewhere will be accurately portrayed.

ARTISTS.	CORRESPONDENTS.
CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.	JOHN FOX, JR.
RUFUS F. ZOGBAUM.	FRANK D. MILLET.
FREDERIC REMINGTON.	JOHN F. BASS.
T. DE THULSTRUP.	O. K. DAVIS.
W. A. ROGERS.	HAROLD MARTIN,
CLYDE D. V. HUNT.	AND OTHERS.

MR. FOX *and* MR. REMINGTON *are now with* General SHAFTER'S *Army*, Messrs. MILLET, BASS, *and* DAVIS *are on their way to the Philippines*, Mr. HUNT *is with the Cubans, and* Mr. MARTIN *at St. Thomas.*

"Ragged Lady," by WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS, *a story of New England character and life, was begun in the number of* HARPER'S BAZAR *issued on July 2, and will be continued during the year.* MR. HOWELLS *has written nothing more idyllic, nothing more distinctly American, than "Ragged Lady." The heroine is original and piquant, and the novel leads up to a dramatic climax. The story is illustrated by* A. I. KELLER.

ON the 6th of June Mr. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, writing from Tampa, denounced as untrue certain statements concerning General SHAFTER'S proposed expedition to Cuba, then in course of preparation, written by Mr. POULTNEY BIGELOW, and published in the WEEKLY. Mr. BIGELOW had stated that the army was unprepared for the movement, that it had neither the proper clothing nor the proper food, and he warned the country against the mistake that was being made by those in authority. Mr. BIGELOW wrote his article at a time when the expedition might have been delayed, and for making these revelations Mr. DAVIS denounced Mr. BIGELOW as a traitor. Now we learn from Mr. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, writing from "the trenches at San Juan, Cuba," under date of July 3, that Mr. BIGELOW'S statements have been verified by facts; that the soldiers at the front are actually suffering from lack of proper clothing; that, soaked with tropical rains and blistered by a tropical sun, they have been without sufficient food; that "some of them have been without food for forty-eight hours," and that "when food did come, it was hardtack and coffee"; that "the army needs artillery. It needs some one in command who is well, strong, and able to stand hardships of a campaign, and it needs mules for transport." He adds, therein confirming Mr. BIGELOW'S declarations which he had denounced a month before, "Truthfully, the expedition was prepared in ignorance and conducted in a series of blunders." He says, moreover, that the "commanding general has not yet been within two miles of the scene of operation." Most important of all, writing on the field of battle and in the very presence of a re-enforced enemy, he declares that "the situation is exceedingly grave," and informs the enemy that if they will make a sortie, our troops must retreat. Either knowledge or honesty has come too late to Mr. DAVIS; while as to "treason," which of these two men is guilty of the sort that—to use Mr. DAVIS'S own words—"should be pointed out quickly and nailed up high as a warning," Mr. BIGELOW, who warned the country against its unpreparedness for the undertaking, or Mr. DAVIS, who betrays it in the face of the enemy and while his shells are sowing death among our troops?

EX-SENATOR EDMUNDS'S address at Philadelphia on the Fourth was a timely reminder, by one of our ablest statesmen, that the idea of colonial expansion, now adopted as a rule of political action in certain quarters, should be discouraged as dangerous to the republic. We need telling illustrations of the fact that opinions should be weighed as well as counted, particularly at the critical time of a departure from established public policy. By the noisy school of aggression conservative declarations of this kind may be called sentimental and antiquated, but they command the assent of the best public opinion of the country. The taking over of new territory, whose people can never be incorporated in the Union, is contrary to the nature and mission of our system of government.

GOVERNOR BLACK and his Republican friends in the State are expecting to give to New York some new election machinery. The present bipartisan police board of the city was established through a deal between Tammany and the Republican machine under PLATT, for the purpose of giving PLATT part of the patronage of the police force of the metropolis, while, in return, Tammany was to have Republican aid in securing legislation which it needed for its own corrupt purposes. In making the bipartisan police commission, the pretence was that the police board had control of the election machinery, and that both parties should therefore be equally represented upon it. The deal between PLATT and CROKER having been disrupted by Governor BLACK, the latter now discovers that it is not necessary that the Police Commissioners should constitute a board of elections, and therefore he favors the separation of the two functions by the establishment of a board of elections—the real reason probably being that with the police commission composed as it is to-day the election machinery of the city would be entirely in the hands of the Governor's enemies, PLATT having made up his mind to defeat him for renomination, or, if he should be renominated, to prevent his election. A pure election machinery is something for which all decent citizens hope, but it cannot be established by a bipartisan system. Bipartisanship means trading, and nothing else.

SEVERAL Republican State conventions in the West have pronounced strongly in favor of the gold standard. After years of hesitation and of paltering with this important issue, the Republican party seems to be coming out on the right side. The coquetry of the politicians has made the silver cause strong enough to capture the Democratic party, just as Republican dallying with the greenback question gave the fiat-money men so strong a hold on that political rag-bag. It seems to be the fate of the Democratic party, so far as the money question is concerned, to accept the cast-off clothing of the Republican party after the latter has outgrown it. Not only has Oregon pronounced for the gold standard, but the Republicans of the First Congressional District of Iowa have followed, declaring themselves "in favor of the present monetary standard of gold, the standard of the commercial world," and demanding "such legislation by the Congress of the United States as will secure the enactment of this much-needed law." The Minnesota Republicans say that they believe "that the national honor and the material interests of the American people require the maintenance of the present gold standard." Ohio Republicans also have spoken in favor of gold, and the Republican party seems therefore to be fully committed to the cause of sound money. It is evident that if the Republican majority had passed the bill they would have obeyed the wishes of their constituents, and would therefore have assured the return of a Republican majority in the next House.

THE boundaries of the United States have been extended by the passage of the NEWLANDS resolution, and Hawaii is now a part of this country. Now that the islands are ours, we trust that the legislative branch of the government will set itself seriously to the task of carrying on their government, and that it will be many years, and only after a radical change in the character of the population of the islands, before any effort will be made to secure their admission to Statehood. At present the resolutions make the President an autocrat, as we have already pointed out. This condition should not exist any longer than is necessary, for it is utterly opposed to the character of our government and the nature of our institutions. That we shall be able to carry on the government of these islands wisely in the end we have no doubt, because we have faith in the character and capacity of the American people. But in the mean time their possession will greatly complicate our existing difficulties, and will add others. It will naturally promote a desire for further extension, and further extension will bring its attendant responsibilities. Even now with Hawaii we must consider seriously the relations between the executive and legislative branches of the government, and if possible we must greatly strengthen the former. We cannot rule Hawaii well under the system which has made our preparations for war so arduous and unsatisfactory. The arm that reaches out to enfold distant islands of the ocean ought to be a stronger one than we possess, or than the founders of our government had in contemplation.

M. MARC LANDRY, the naval expert of the Paris *Figaro*, is probably still alive, although he has not been heard from very recently. If he is, the news of the destruction of CERVERA'S fleet must have convinced him that he is unfitted, either by reason of his prejudices or by his ignorance, to criticise the American navy. One thing this war has demonstrated, and that is that our navy, so far as its size permits, is one of the most perfect fighting-machines that the world has ever seen. It has dealt its blows with a vigor, a thoroughness, and an assurance that are the result only of sufficient preparation and perfect self-respect and self-confidence. The individual American sailor does not differ essentially from the individual American soldier. He is no more intelligent, he is no more courageous, he is no more ready to do his duty, than the other. But he is not hampered so much as the other by conditions and circumstances over which he has no control. The navy is more completely under the command of naval officers than the army is under the command of soldiers. What the navy has done is a tribute not only to the character of its officers and its men, but an illustration of the value of freedom from too much political interference. Taking the army and navy together, and looking at what they do as soldiers and sailors, divorced entirely from all questions that arise from political interference or civilian control, these two services have in recent weeks given the most convincing evidence of the value of democratic institutions as they go to the making of individual character. The American soldier and sailor, self-respecting and self-reliant and intelligent as they are, are the outcome of our institutions.

ALTHOUGH it is a subject which is somewhat difficult to mention, because of the fact that one is likely to be misunderstood, the attitude of Congress toward our military and naval heroes is a matter of so much importance that it ought not to be avoided. Every honor should be paid to the soldiers and sailors in the field who are making heroic efforts, efforts which we and those who are to come after us will always recall with pride. By all means, the officers who perform exceptional service should receive adequate promotion, and the men under them ample reward. But there is too great a tendency among our politicians and their friends of the daily press to go into hysterics, and to act as if each instance of duty performed is something to call forth a response consistent only with the theory that the performance of duty in this country is surprising. The officers of the army and navy keenly resent this hysterical adulation. They are trained to believe that all that they are and all that they have belong to their country. They are men of great intelligence and of the highest character. They make up the only body of public servants that we have who are entirely and unselfishly devoted to the government. It is therefore humiliating to them to receive excessive rewards for the performance of duty. They earn their professional honors, and, like all men who deserve them, they expect their proper rewards, but they do not want frenzied adulation. A case in point is General WHEELER'S recent order concerning the action at La Guasima. Every officer that the general saw was recommended to the government, and commanding officers were called upon to make further recommendations for deeds that were performed out of the general's vision. This wholesale adulation humiliates those on whom it is bestowed, and takes away the pleasure of exceptional honor when it is won. Another instance is the hasty resolutions giving the thanks of Congress to Commodore SCHLEY for the destruction of CERVERA'S fleet. Commodore SCHLEY deserves the praise due to a brave and skilful man who has performed his duty; but it does not follow that he should receive an honor in the giving of which Congress would insult Admiral SAMPSON, the commander of the fleet, who, had he been present, would have done precisely what every other officer in the fleet did, and to whose preparations and watchful care was largely due the readiness of the fleet to intercept the Spaniards. No soldier or sailor will differ from us when we say that justice is much more gratifying to him than adulation.

THE achievements of the American army in Cuba are of the most glorious character. They illustrate the courage, endurance, and loyalty of the American soldier, whether he be regular or volunteer, and the intelligence and character of the regular officers. Every American must feel a thrill of pride by reason of these achievements. The mere thought of the victory which was gained over the Spaniards is stimulating alone, but when we consider all that our soldiers gained, all the sacrifices that they made, all the hardships that they endured, we not only feel proud of their success, but are struck with wonder by the exhibition of rare qualities which was called forth by strenuous conditions. It was the work of the reg-

ular army of the United States, assisted most valiantly by the "Rough Riders," the Seventy-first New York and the Second Massachusetts volunteers. We know now the stuff of which these men are made. They went to Cuba ill prepared for such conditions as they encountered and such battles as they have fought. There were less than half as many of them as there should have been. They were practically without cavalry, because the government did not send enough horses. The force of artillery was not one-tenth of what it should have been. The means for the transportation of food were so inadequate that correspondents tell us that all the time the men were on half rations, and that some of them, at least, engaged in hard fighting after a fast of thirty-six hours. They were not properly clad, and their heavy uniforms became so much of an encumbrance that they were obliged to throw them and their blankets away. So inadequately fitted out was this expedition that when the battle was at its height the rough pathways over which the volunteers had made their way to the front were choked with the wounded going to the rear to find surgeons, some of them being obliged to walk twelve miles before reaching the needed medical assistance. They fought in an unknown country, amid strange surroundings, tortured by tropical insects and tropical vegetation, soaked by tropical rains, and breathing pestilential air while they slept. Opposed to them was an excellent body of Spanish infantry, well intrenched, and fighting with desperation. Although this is the richest and, in reputation at least, the most progressive country of the world, the soldiers of the effete monarchy used smokeless powder, while our men were obliged to depend upon the old-fashioned explosive, the smoke of which clearly revealed their position to the enemy, and made them an excellent target. As has been said by the New York *Sun*, according to all the rules of war our men should have given up as defeated, but they are American citizens and American soldiers, and they did not succumb to the strenuous adverse conditions. We have every reason to be proud of our fellow-citizens in arms. They have added new glory to the American name. They have met and overcome the difficulties which have stood in their way, some of which were not due to the enemy. But of that there will be time and occasion to speak later on. The country is now content to enjoy to the full this splendid exhibition of American manhood.

A SUGGESTIVE INCIDENT.

THERE are many complications to be anticipated so long as we hold the harbor of Manila, and these complications will become more numerous and more acute after Admiral DEWEY and General MERRITT have made good our claim to the Philippines. The most important question that can arise from our defeat of Spain and our capture of the islands is as to their disposition. When this question comes into the sphere of practical politics the discussion of it will probably be long, and it may seriously affect the politics of the United States for years to come. In the mean time we ought to be preparing ourselves for its solution, and ought to make up our minds definitely as to the policy to be pursued for the future—whether we are to expand by assuming a dictatorship over tropical territory which, if the history of colonial powers is of any value by way of precedent, we will never colonize, or whether we are to remain content with our vast possessions, which already present to our politicians problems which they have not solved nor even intelligently approached. While it is true that some newspaper writers, both American and English, and some military publicists have settled this question for the American people, and have already announced that the result of our war with Spain is to be aggrandizement, it is clear to any one who knows this country and its people that these prophets are unwise, because there is generally a vast difference between what our people say in their excitement and what they do in their calm and calculating moments. The general recognition of this difference, and the practical wisdom, therefore, of accomplishing a great political change by a *coup*, if it is to be done at all, have been recently illustrated by the advocates of Hawaiian annexation, whose fear of an adverse verdict by the people prevented them from inserting an annexation plank in their party platforms, and inspired them to attempt a snap-judgment against the people by way of a joint resolution, which would probably be declared unconstitutional if it should ever be brought before the Supreme Court for interpretation.

In view of the debate that is sure to follow the war, and in view of the fact that public opinion now seems to be tending towards the adoption of the imperial scheme, every fact and incident bearing upon the problem should be carefully considered. If this were a European question, if England, France, or Russia were fronting a problem akin to that which is looming up before us, the statesmen of the interested power would not be worthy of their posts if they were not actively engaged in turning the experiences of the present to the account of the future. We Americans, especially in answering so fundamental a question as this, are all statesmen, for we must settle the national policy at the polls, and it behooves us, therefore, to consider carefully every fact that bears upon this issue of a future which every step in the war is bringing nearer. Public and general discussion of this question becomes all the more important in view of the character of the politicians who now control the Senate, which exercises, conjointly with the President, the treaty-making power. As to the House of Representatives, it is distinctly better equipped than the Senate, both intellectually and morally, for dealing wisely and honorably with questions affecting the direction of the national forces and energies and the character of our international relations. The House represents the popular will and the popular conscience, while the Senate stands for the abasement of our politics; for Senatorships have always been the prizes of party leadership, and party leadership of the kind under which the nation now suffers naturally produces the Senators of to-day. The question of expansion is to be determined by such Senators as QUAY, MURPHY, PLATT, MORGAN, and the like, unless intelligent discussion of the issue shall arouse a public sentiment which will affect the minds of such Senators as LODGE and his kind, men who need to be with the public—in a word, who have not yet debased themselves to the level of absolute dependence on machinery and corruption.

The question of the moment which bears upon the overshadowing problem of the future is raised by the presence of an unduly large German fleet at Manila. And while the presence of these ships is suggestive of the complications that are before us rather than a menace of immediate danger, its portent may as well be heeded. Stated briefly, it is, if events move as the expansionists predict, to quote the London *Spectator*, that our country "stands at the parting of the ways, that her external policy must be radically modified, and that she is engaged in a war which may so develop that it will occupy years, create a national debt, and leave the United States with a powerful army and the second fleet in the world. This is the vision of the future which we are called upon to contemplate, and which the unfriendly conduct of Germany is making very clear. We need have no fear that Germany will physically interfere with our operations at Manila. Although there may be much or little sincerity in the friendly professions of the Emperor, he will not be quick to enter upon an unjust war with this country. He is too clever for that, and has too much at stake in the East to risk such an encounter as would follow an attempt on his part to deprive us of any fruits of victory that would be recognized as legitimate by military and international law, a conflict in which this country would be greatly assisted by German Americans. German insults ought not to disturb us so long as we are confident that either alone or with the aid of Great Britain we shall be able to prevent Germany from doing us any injustice. Indeed, owing to the geographical relations of the two countries and the present state of the German navy, Germany is the first-class European power with which we stand on most nearly even terms. The prospect of a hostile encounter, however, is very remote. Such a war as Germany might begin if she were to insist upon her present attitude, which is evidently in the nature of a bluff, is not in the cards of the Emperor's game. It is true that her fleet at Manila is too large to be explained by the professed desire to protect the interests of German citizens in the Philippines, and that the presence of Admiral VON DIEDRICH and of Prince HENRY is clearly intended to be awe-inspiring. Admiral DEWEY, however, is equal to the situation, and neither he nor General MERRITT is likely to be too deeply impressed by imperial dramatics. Nor do we expect that either the German admiral or the imperial brother will go far enough to vindicate the *Spectator's* fears that shots may be exchanged between the American and German ships. We may certainly count on German prudence and calculation for the safety of Admiral DEWEY'S fleet from attack. Nevertheless, there is food for much reflection in the situation, and it is fortunate that we have so pregnant and apropos a circumstance to serve as a warning against any undue haste in adopting the policy of expansion, unless we are prepared to accept the possibilities mentioned by the *Spectator*—a complete revolution of our external policy, the broadening out of the war until it includes all the European nations now rivalling one another in their efforts to secure commercial and military ascendency in China, and, as a direct consequence of such a war, a large permanent standing army, and a navy large enough to withstand either of the two great European combinations; or, with the aid of England, to resist the allied fleets of Continental Europe. There are other facts and conditions in our current political and military history that suggest further considerations which must be taken into account, but they can be more profitably discussed later on. At present we would best be reflecting on the future of this republic, if we undertake the government of Pacific islands, as it is pointed to by this insolent effort to put a staying hand upon us in the midst of our war with Spain. Germany wants a foothold in the Philippines. The Berlin correspondent of the London *Times* says that it is "quite certain that Germany will do her best to obtain a footing on the islands." There are other powers interested in the East, and England is most anxious to have us for a neighbor there. In a word, if we keep the Philippines our frontiers will touch the frontiers of Europe at the point where there is at present most likelihood of the breaking out of war. In such a war we would be compelled to engage for the defence of what we had taken, for the maintenance of our national dignity, and for the proper performance of our new international obligations. This is what is suggested by imperial German bumptiousness, although it may be harmless for the moment, and, furthermore, although it is quite likely that the German nation would not be arrayed against us when the war actually came upon us. We are not at present, apparently, so much in danger of entering "entangling alliances" as of drifting into entangling differences which will change us from a peaceful republic to a strong military power. Is the next step of democracy to be, as HERBERT SPENCER predicts, a backward one towards militarism?

DIARY OF THE WAR.

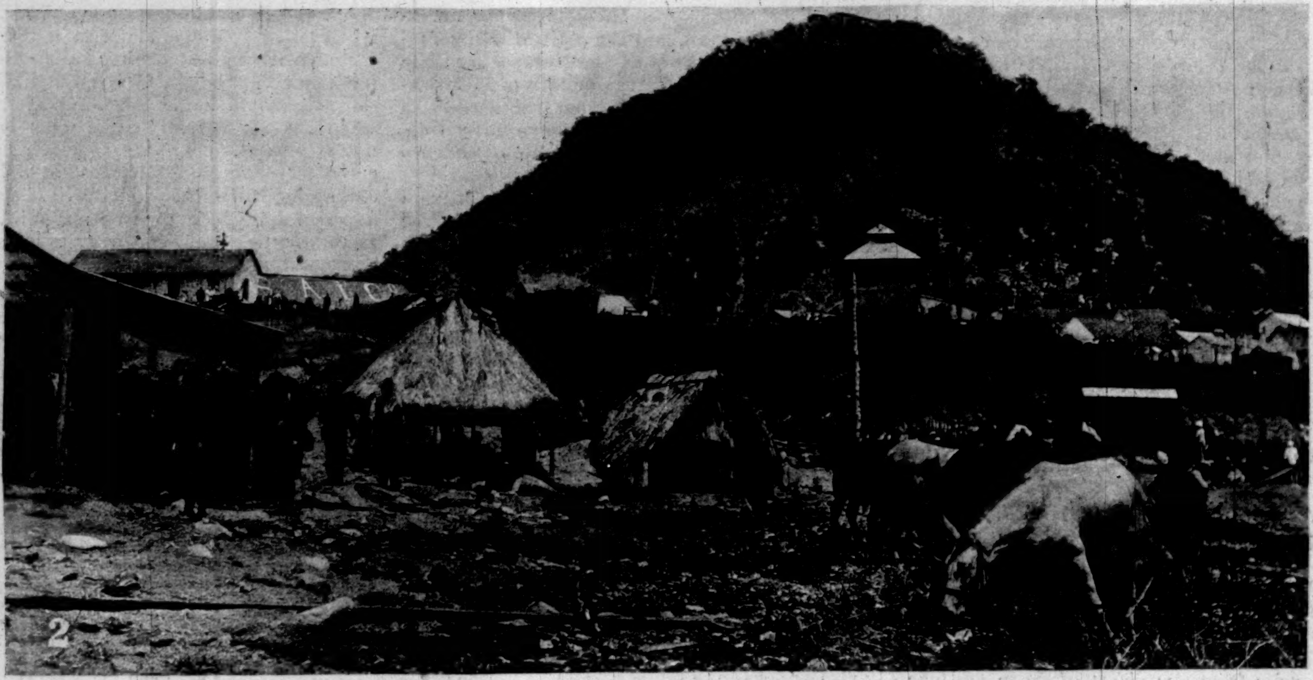
Thursday, June 30.—General Wheeler in his official report to General Shafter states that the casualties in the engagement at La Guasima last Friday were—First United States Volunteer Cavalry (strength 500), killed 8, wounded 34; First United States Regular Cavalry (strength 244), killed 7, wounded 8; Tenth United States Regular Cavalry (strength 220), killed 1, wounded 10. Total strength 964; killed 16, wounded 52.

The situation at Santiago is marked by steady advance on our side; on the Spanish side, by withdrawal to positions of great strength commanding the approaches to the city. General Shafter has established his headquarters in the field. Siege-guns were landed at Baiquiri Tuesday night, but it will be impossible to move them to the front for several days. Our line extends northward to the neighborhood of El Caney, a town four miles northeast of Santiago.

The cruiser *Charleston* and the three transports of the first relief expedition arrived at Cavité (Manila Bay). On the way they stopped at the capital of the Ladrone Islands, and, in obedience to instructions given to General Anderson before the expedition sailed from San Francisco, took possession of the place (June 21). The governor of the islands, with other Spanish officers, and fifty-four soldiers were carried as prisoners to Manila. It is said they were "unaware that war had been declared. When the *Charleston* commenced to bombard the fortifications the governor sent off a boat with apologies for failing to return the *salute*, as he had no powder." A company of the Fourteenth United States Infantry was left on the island of Guam, to retain control.

Friday, July 1.—On the heights that overlook Santiago are El Caney and San Juan, the former northeast, the latter southeast of the city. The retention of both places was regarded as indispensable to the Spanish defence; the capture of both seemed the next step in our plan of attack. They were so strongly held by entrenched forces, with the support of artillery and marines from Cervera's fleet, that both were pronounced impregnable to any ordinary assault. Both were carried by assault to-day, as the final outcome of long and fierce contests. At six o'clock this morning Capron's light battery of four guns opened fire on El Caney from a bluff about one and a half miles distant. The shells struck fairly, but were not heavy enough to demolish the fortifications; and now, as throughout the day and all along the line, heroic self-sacrifice on the part of our men accomplished results that heavy guns are designed to effect with less exposure. At eight o'clock General Lawton's infantry took the problem in hand, working their way up the hill-side, the Seventh, Twelfth, and Seventeenth Infantry (General Chaffee's brigade) leading in the attack; and so, eleven hours after firing had begun, they won the trenches (which "looked like slaughter-pens"), the fort, and the block-houses. More than a hundred Spaniards were made prisoners; others escaped to Santiago. And meanwhile San Juan, even more strongly held and more essential to the defence of the city, was meeting the same fate. Here there was also an opposing American battery (Grimes's battery); here also the bitter work was done by men on foot, climbing a bare hill-side against a pelting rain of bullets, and in despite of a battery that had not been silenced. That splendid trio the "Rough Riders" and the First and Tenth Regulars showed once more the splendid courage and strength and skill it was no longer necessary to prove after their charge at La Guasima one

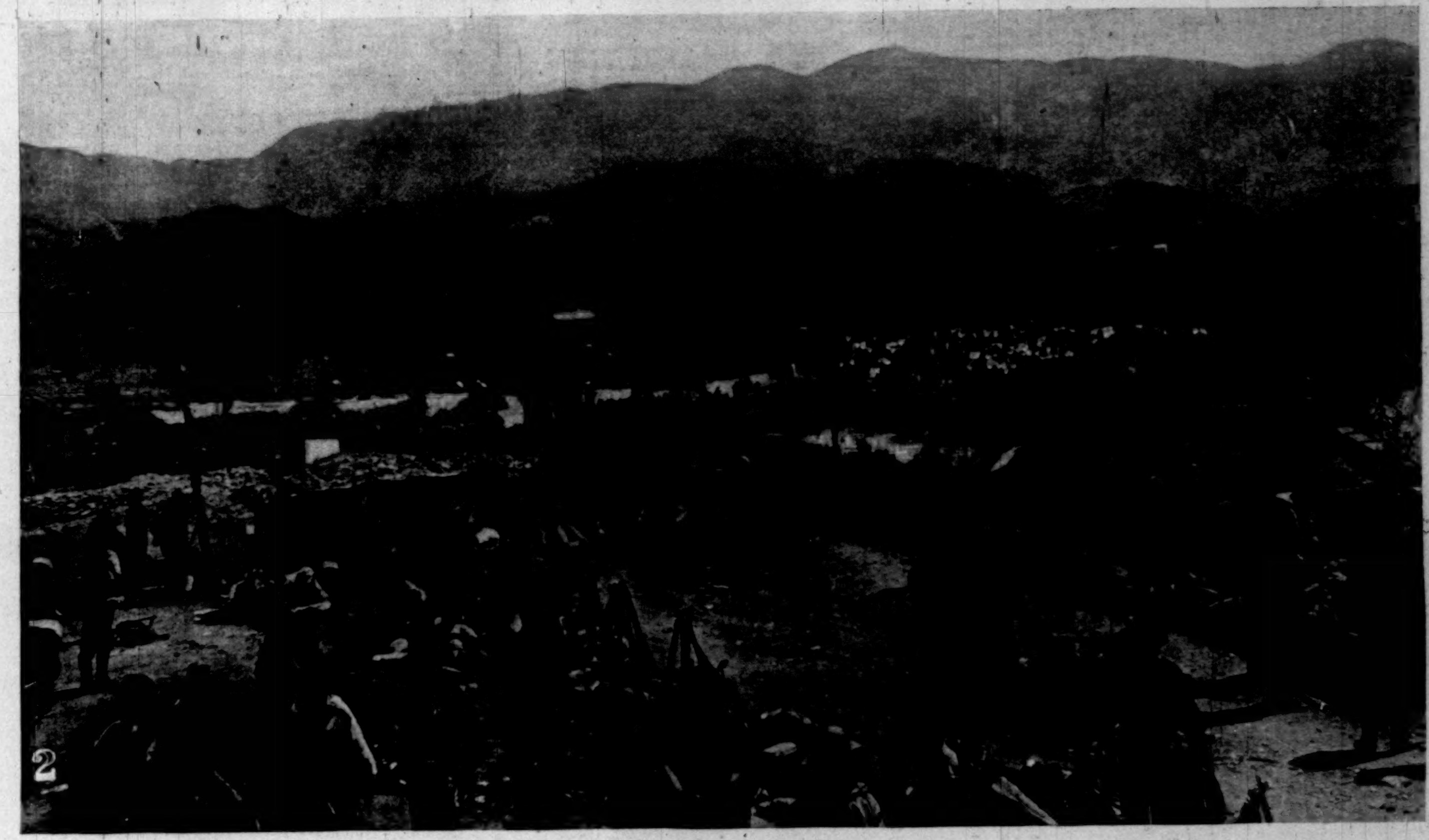
(*Continued on page 702.*)

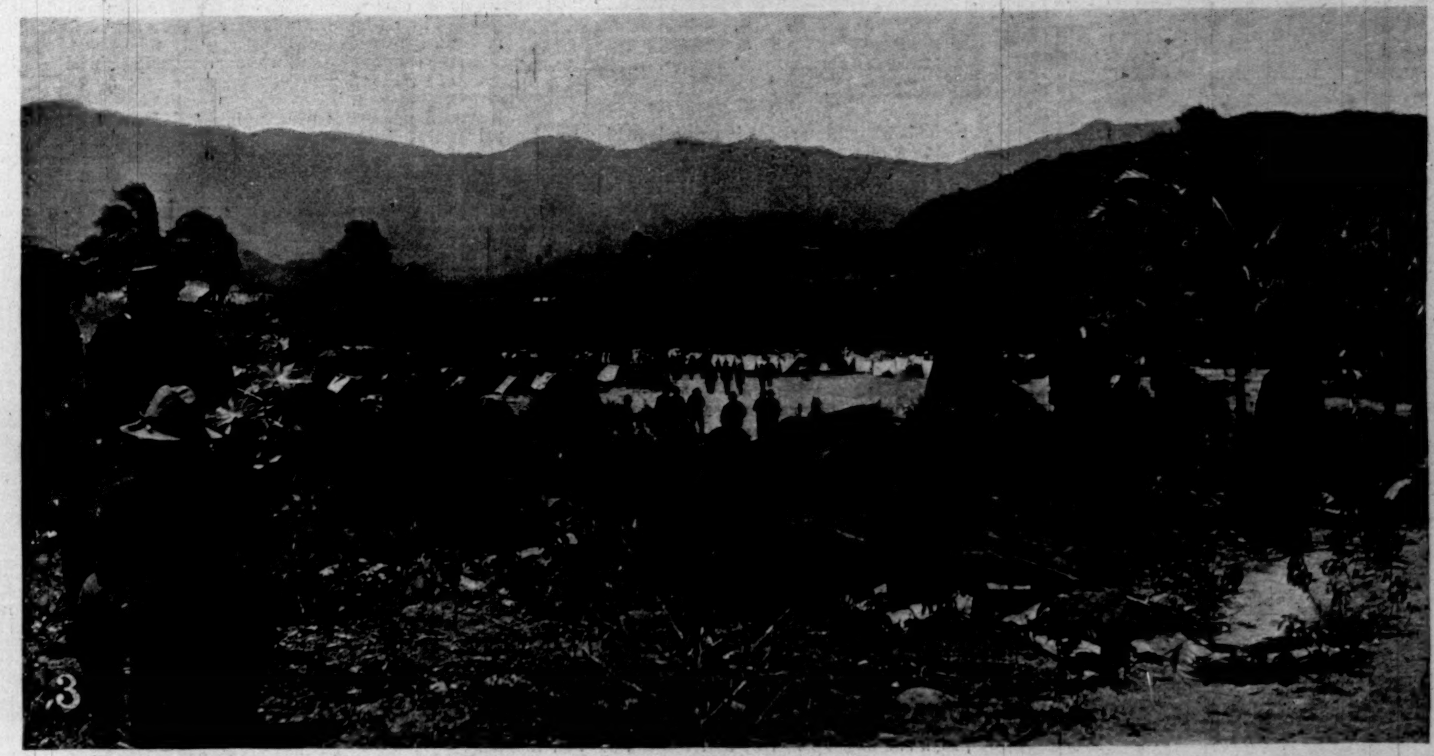


THE INVASION OF CUBA—WITH THE TROOPS AT BAIQUIRI.

Photographs by James Burton, Special Photographer for "Harper's Weekly."

1. Troops going Ashore in Men-of-War's Boats. 2. Hill on which the Stars and Stripes were raised. 3 Troops landing at the Pier.





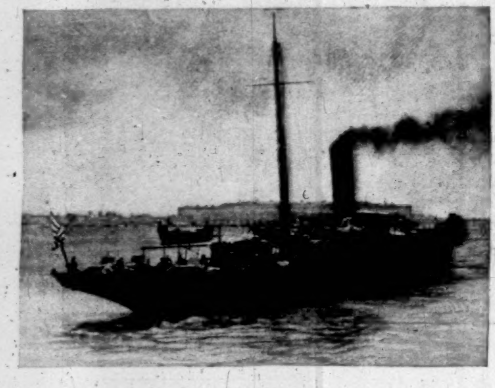
THE INVASION OF CUBA—WITH THE TROOPS AT BAIQUIRI.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

1. The Army leaving Camp for the Attack on Santiago. 2. View Inland from the Landing-place. 3. General View of the Camp.

THIS·BUSY·WORLD

YALE made President McKinley an LL.D. and John Hays Hammond an A.M., both *in absentia*. It may be questioned whether it pays a great university to grant honorary degrees *in absentia*. So far as is known, an honorary LL.D. is of no practical value to its recipient. It does not bring him an income, nor entitle him to the usufruct of valuable emoluments of any sort; but it gives him a chance



U. S. S. "GLOUCESTER,"
Formerly J. P. Morgan's Yacht "Corsair," on board which Admiral Cervera was taken after leaving his Flag-Ship, July 3.

to go to Commencement and be exhibited, to make some speeches, meet many learned and agreeable men, make advantageous acquaintances, and have a very good time. All these advantages are missed by gentlemen who are honored in their absence. The President could not go to New Haven to get his degree this year, but Yale might have waited until after the war, and then engaged him. He ought not to go into the Yale catalogue without having at least one experience of New Haven; and, on the other hand, Yale should have had the satisfaction of leading her lion across the stage and of hearing him roar.

Mr. John Hays Hammond is a graduate of the Sheffield Scientific School of the class of 1876. Just now he is in Russia or Siberia, advising with the Czar about new mines on the lines of the Siberian railway. It is doubtless an unusual experience for him to be within reach of New Haven in June. Universities like Oxford, Cambridge, and Chicago, which confer degrees several times in the year, or whenever it is convenient, have an advantage over the institutions which stick to one Commencement, in being able to cook their hare whenever they happen to catch him. Harvard still adheres to her old custom of conferring degrees only once a year, but her learned doctors are always on hand to witness their own creation. This year her LL.D. degree was conferred upon the Earl of Aberdeen, Governor-General of Canada, and upon James Mason Crafts and Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

As an indication of the present standing of Professor Charles Eliot Norton in the Harvard community, it is interesting to find him chosen president for the coming year of the Harvard Phi Beta Kappa. Whether this honor was done him in spite of his disapproval of the war with Spain or in consequence of it does not appear. It is probable, however, that the esteem in which he is held by the learned brethren in Cambridge is based on considerations which are not much affected one way or the other by his sentiments about the war.

The war sentiment in the Boston district is much more generally and carefully qualified than in New York. Boston abounds in men who believe in carrying the war through with spirit now we are in it, and who are ready to fight if their turn comes, but the sentiment is also very prevalent there that there should not have been any war at all.

Results of entrance examinations, so far as learned, indicate that the next Freshman class at Princeton will be considerably larger than any of its predecessors. It is thankfully inferred by the authorities of the university that public confidence in the morals of the institution has not been impaired by the painful controversy over the Princeton Inn.

A speaker at the recent International Temperance Congress at Prohibition Park, on Staten Island, opposed the sending of cakes and sweetmeats to soldiers, "as calculated to increase their thirst and the desire for intoxicants." It is not generally understood that the consumption of sweets creates an alcoholic thirst. It does create a thirst, but one which, in most cases, mere water is competent to quench. It is true enough, though, that cake and jam isn't good for soldiers. It is wretched stuff to work on, and cases have been reported where an importation of soft sweet food from friends at home has incapacitated, for a time, half the men in a company. Soldiers are athletes in training, and moderate privation on occasion does them less harm than overfeeding with unsuitable food.

The Post Office Department has decreed that second, third, and fourth class mail-matter shall no longer be returned to the sender or reforwarded to another address until extra postage has been prepaid. The classes of matter affected by the new rule include newspapers and all periodicals, books, pamphlets, circulars, and the like, and merchandise. Where the matter held is of "obvious value" the sender is to be notified, if possible, and a chance given him to pay the postage due. The object of the rule is economy. Its result will be to increase losses by mail and distress proportionately the patrons of the post-office. Nevertheless, it is proper to remember that the classes of mail-matter affected are those which cause the deficit in the department's annual report. It is the abuse of the privileges granted to second-class matter especially that makes the department run behind, and a reduction in the cost of handling that class of mailable matter may be worth buying at the cost of some inconvenience.

There is some perplexity apparently as to what disposition to make of Spanish prisoners of war. Admiral Cervera and his officers are destined, we are told, to come North, either to Annapolis or Portsmouth or New York. No doubt they will be made as comfortable as the status of their minds, poor gentlemen, admit, and if private hospitality is suffered to intervene it may be they will pass the summer at Newport. There are few persons living

DON PASQUALE DE CERVERA Y TOPETE,
Count de Jerez and Marqués de Santa Ava, Rear-Admiral, Spanish Navy.

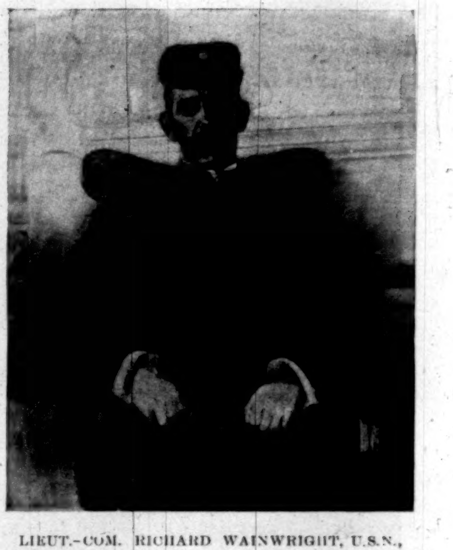
towards whom Americans in general are kindlier disposed just now than towards Admiral Cervera. There is sympathy for him as a brave man in misfortune, and a cordial liking for him—so far as he is known—as a gentleman.

As for the Spanish soldiers and sailors, who seem to have accumulated in considerable numbers in the hands of Admiral Sampson and General Shafter, why not send them back to Spain and put them ashore. They would doubtless be better pleased, on the whole, to be at home, and once there they would have to stay there, for Spain has now no means of sending them anywhere else. They can't do us any harm in Spain, we would be quit of the expense of feeding them and of the bother of guarding them, and there is no immediate prospect that we shall need any considerable number of Spanish prisoners for purposes of exchange.

Another alternative would be to bring them to New York, find them jobs, and have them naturalized in time for the fall elections, but that would be hardly military, and very likely our Italian fellow-citizens would object.

M. Jules Lemaître, in a recent discourse at the Paris Sorbonne, put the case against Latin and Greek in a way that must seem to us Americans even more effective than the arguments of our own critics of classical education. We are used to hearing that the time spent by our schoolboys in learning the dead languages would be better spent in learning modern languages and science, but, whatever else our lads may neglect, they don't get out of school without at least a working knowledge of English. M. Lemaître's complaint is that, having studied Greek and Latin twelve years, he has remained "ignorant of English, a language spoken by half the world," and that he only knows German "in a pitiful manner." It is probably true that folks who must choose whether their children

AGUINALDO,
The Philippine Insurgent Leader.



LIEUT.-COM. RICHARD WAINWRIGHT, U.S.N.,
Commander of the converted Yacht "Gloucester" in her plucky Fight with the Spanish Torpedo-boat-destroyers, July 3.

shall study Latin or English have a harder choice to make than we have when we weigh Latin against French or German. We have this advantage, too, that any fair scholar who knows English by nature and learns Latin, ought to make very easy work of French, Spanish, and Italian, whereas Frenchmen who learn Latin are not proportionately helped towards a working knowledge of either English or German.

On the other hand, it is interesting to find Mr. G. W. Smalley, in the current HARPER'S MAGAZINE, advising aspiring writers of English to read French. "The good French writers," he says, "have the qualities which the best English writers lack or have in less degree—lucidity, simplicity, directness, and others—and will supplement and correct that training in English which the writer of English must have. . . . Read French, and do not read German," says Mr. Smalley, "and read Pascal above all other French writers."

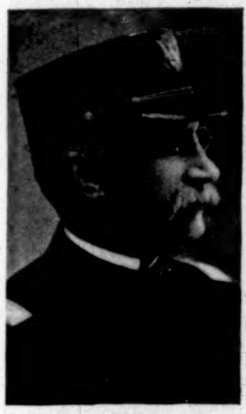
A London despatch, dated July 1, told of Mr. E. A. Abbey's election as a member of the Royal Academy. His promotion has come quickly. It cannot be more than three years, at the outside, since he became an associate member. Promotion, however, has been more rapid than is usual in the Academy since then.

All Spanish war-ships in the Atlantic Ocean being now destroyed, may we not have some of the mines taken out of our harbors, and put our larger yachts in commission again? So far as steam-yachts go, Uncle Sam has pretty nearly a monopoly of sport, but there are schooners and other sailing-craft still in possession of private owners, who will doubtless be glad to get out as soon as harbor mines cease to make navigation perilous. The omission of the New York Yacht Club's annual cruise, which has been announced, is timely, but a little sporadic sailing by individuals would not be out of order.

The fiscal branch of the government neglected a seasonable source of revenue when it omitted to impose a stamp-tax on war poems. There are some 20,000 newspapers printed in the United States, of which 2000 are issued daily. Nearly all now publish original war poems in every issue. A moderate tax on all war poems printed—say ten cents each—would bring in an appreciable revenue, while a ten-cent tax, prepaid by an adhesive stamp, on every war poem submitted for publication would yield funds in a way to gladden Mr. Gage's heart. If Uncle Sam continues to develop the internal-revenue business, and really applies his mind to it, he will be able to think of many things which may be taxed, to the general content of the community and without hardship even to the payers of the exaction.

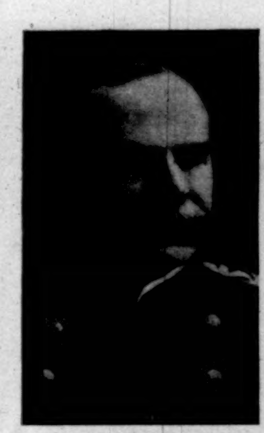
A newspaper paragraph, dated June 28, told of an interesting clash between the principal of the Boys' High-School of Reading, Pennsylvania, and the valedictorian of the graduating class. The valedictorian, a lad named Deeter, read a graduating essay, to some passages in which the principal, Dr. Scheibner took exception as being unpatriotic. In consequence he refused to sign young Deeter's diploma, though he did not refuse to let him have it if he was content to take it unsigned. What makes the controversy interesting is that the passage which gave offence is understood to have commented unfavorably on the practice very much in favor now in American schools of attempting to instil patriotic sentiments into

LOCOMOTIVES AT BAIQUIRI,
Destroyed by Spanish Soldiers before the landing of the United States Troops.


COL. CHAS. A. WIKOFF, U.S.A., 22d U.S. Infantry.

LT.-COL. J. M. HAMILTON, U.S.A., 9th U.S. Cavalry.

MAJOR A. G. FORSE, U.S.A., 1st U.S. Cavalry.

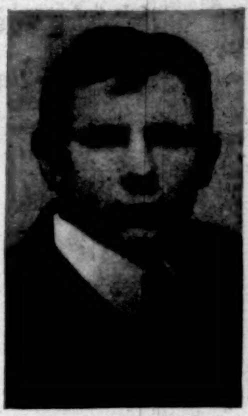

CAPT. T. W. MORRISON, U.S.A., 16th U.S. Infantry.

CAPT. WM. O. O'NEILL, "Rough Riders."

LIEUT. JULES G. ORD, U.S.A., 6th U.S. Infantry.

LIEUT. D. M. MICHIE, U.S.A., 17th U.S. Infantry.

LIEUT. CHAS. H. FIELD, U.S.V., 2d Massachusetts Volunteers.

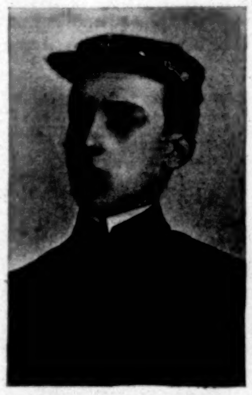

CORP'L GEORGE H. DOHERTY, Troop A, "Rough Riders."

CORP'L GEORGE L. IMMEN, Co. C, 71st New York Volunteers.

OFFICERS AND MEN OF UNITED STATES TROOPS KILLED IN THE ATTACK ON THE SPANISH FORCES AT SANTIAGO, JULY 1 AND 2.

school-children by drilling them in singing patriotic songs, and by causing them to repeat, somewhat parrotlike, high-sounding sentiments which few of them can be expected to understand. The expediency of this feature of public-school education seems fairly open to discussion, and attempts to choke off reasonable and decorous criticism of its methods are likely to have an effect the opposite to that desired. The sort of patriotism that is so boisterous about "Old Glory" that it discountenances free speech should try to get its bearings, and make sure it is not off its course.

Ensign Irvin V. Gillis, a young gentleman whose portrait appears herewith, is a son of Commodore Gillis, and is the executive officer of Captain Fremont's torpedo-boat *Porter*. Mr. Gillis's specialty is catching torpedoes. One dark night, Admiral Cervera, while he still had a fleet, sent a destroyer out to distribute torpedoes among the ships of the American fleet. They did no harm, but the *Porter* sighted some of them the next morning, and Captain Fremont relates how Mr. Gillis jumped in after one of them which was seen slowly approaching the *Porter*, got his arm around it, changed its direction, and was feeling for its war-nose to unscrew it, when it sank. That one was lost, though not from any fault of Mr. Gillis's; but the next one was caught and brought aboard, to be shown by Captain Fremont as "a most interesting prize, and worth to the officers and crew of the *Porter* just $6000 of the government's money."


ENSIGN IRVIN V. GILLIS, U.S.N.

It was given out last week that the third class of cadets, having so far forgotten themselves as to cheer for Colonel Mills, their late commandant, now before Santiago, had all been put under arrest by order of Colonel Mills's successor. West Point in these days must be a gloomy place. The superintendent, General Ernst, has gone to the war; all the officers who could get away have gone to the front in one direction or another, the commandant is master of all he surveys, and the cadets apparently are compelled to keep under strict restraint their natural exuberance over the war news. It would seem to a layman as if it might be expedient to give these young men a chance to vent their feelings now and then in lawful cheers.

The extraordinary privations lately endured by the citizens of Chicago are of a nature to exact sympathy from the most obdurate heart. From July 2 to July 6 Chicago had no local newspapers. On July 1 the stereotypers in all the newspaper establishments struck, and newspapers ceased to be issued in Chicago. It took four days to get new stereotypers from other cities, and to convince the officers of the typographical union that the strike was ill-advised and not deserving of the type-setters' support. During those four days came the most important news of the fighting around Santiago and the news of the destruction of the Spanish fleet. Chicago got it all at second hand, over telephones and out of newspapers sent from St. Louis, Milwaukee, New York, and all outlying cities. On July 5 the printers, having investigated the stereotypers' grievances, decided, by a vote of 350 to 120, that the stereotypers ought not to have struck and should not be supported. Next morning the papers were able to issue four-page sheets, given up entirely to news, and doubtless they were able on the same day to give to the public the news of the loss of the French liner.

Inasmuch as all the daily papers in Chicago are on a one-cent basis, and as most of them at this time of year, when advertising is dull, lose a little something on each copy they sell, the proprietors endured the situation with more equanimity than they might have shown if they had been losing more money by the stoppage. The sufferings of the citizens of the town, cut off from their natural supply of news at a time when the whole country was holding its breath, may be imagined. It is a comfort to feel that their necessities have now been supplied, and that by this time they have caught up again with the progress of civilization.

William Tudor, 37 Brimmer Street, Boston, is collecting funds to supply the "Rough Riders" with hammocks, mosquito-netting, abdominal bands, and other requisites to warfare in the tropics. The Riders come from all parts of the country, and represent all sorts of folks, from New York club-men up to full-blooded Indians. As they come from no State in particular, they are no one's special care, and the only things they seem absolutely sure of getting in sufficient quantity seem to be ammunition and advertising. Whoever their press agent is, there is no disputing his extraordinary efficiency. But advertising, with all its virtues, does not take the place of cholera-bands in the tropics, and it is well that some one is making a business of providing the "Rough Riders" with something else than notices.

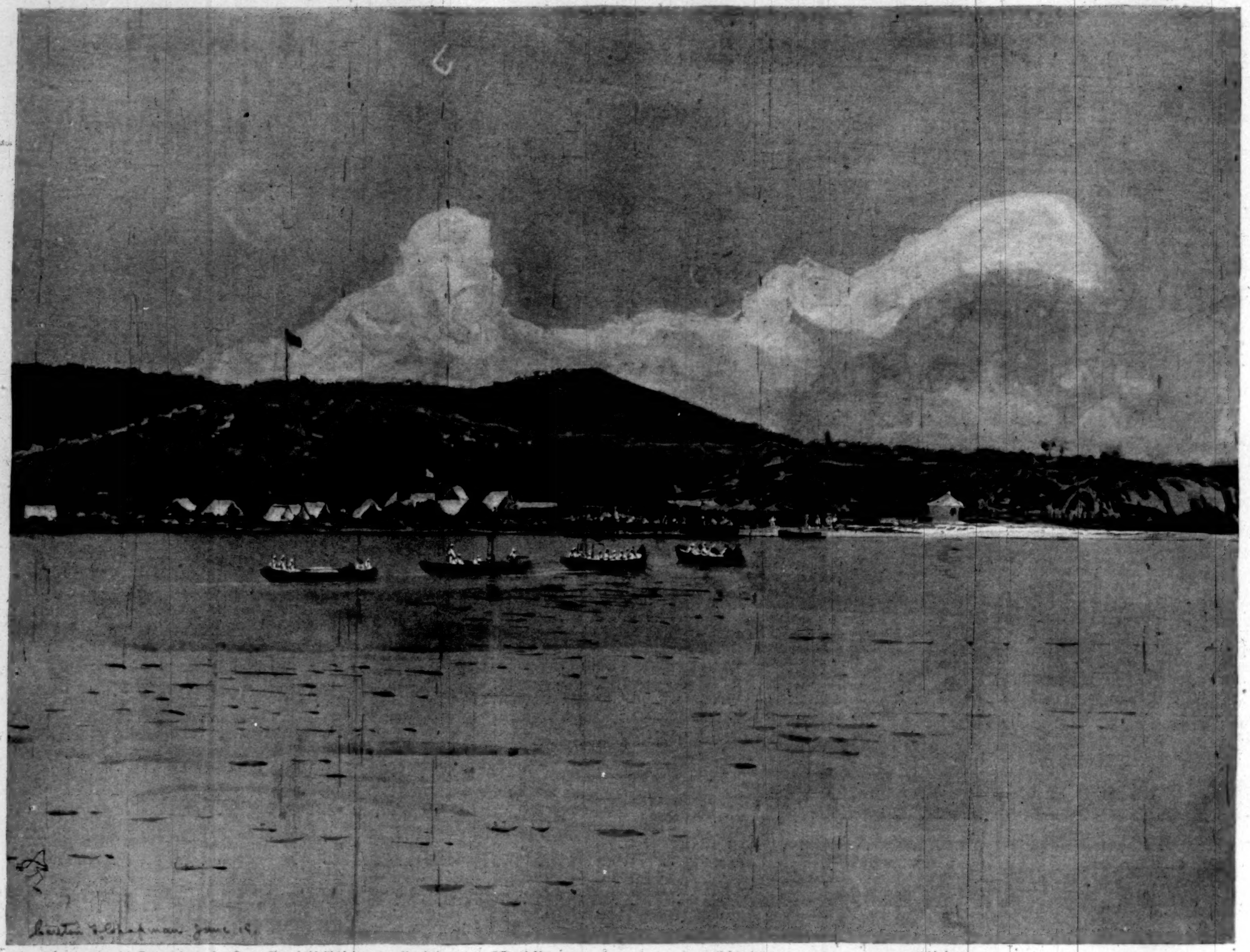
Dr. Cornelius Herz, who died at Bournemouth, England, on July 6, led a life full of curious adventure, and his autobiography, if he had left one which did justice to its theme, would have been lively and instructive reading. His notoriety as a man who was mixed up in the Panama swindles is world-wide. Every one may not know that, though born in France, he came in boyhood to New York, got his early education here, and was an American citizen. He served in the Franco-Prussian war, on the side of France, then practised medicine two years in Chicago, then spent a few months in New York, and thence moved to San Francisco. That environment was suited to his gifts, and for a year or two he was highly successful, being able to form a lucrative partnership, and presently to owe very large sums of money to confiding friends. In 1878 he went back to Paris, as representative of a telephone and electric-light company, and there became the able lieutenant of Baron Reinach, Jewish banker, and one of the greatest of the company of cracksmen who robbed the French peasants in the name of the Panama Canal. It is obvious what interesting passages there must have been in a life whereof the main achievements are in such bold relief. Dr. Herz's records, if he left any, should find their way into the hands of some competent writer.

Mrs. Seth Low, Mrs. R. F. Cutting, and Miss Schieffelin (242 East Fifteenth Street, New York) are included among a number of ladies who are authorized to receive subscriptions to buy band instruments for the Twelfth Regiment of New York Volunteers. The Twelfth, it seems, which is now at Chickamauga, had no band, and its friends in New York did not like to think of it as going off to the wars uncheered by its own outfit of martial music. About $2000 in all is wanted, part to buy the instruments, part to supplement the pay of the musicians. Musicians, as a rule, don't fight, but when fighting is going on they help the hospital corps. Money therefore which sends musicians to the front provides aid for the injured as well as band music.

Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip, whose picture appears on this page of the WEEKLY, is Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and, like his chief, comes from Illinois. The $200,000,000 war-bond issue has been his especial charge, and he is the author of "Circular 101," which told how to buy the bonds. This circular, which was distributed by hundreds of thousands, proved to be easily understood, and has done its business well. Mr. Vanderlip is credited with a clear mind, excellent business abilities, and an exceptional capacity for hard work.

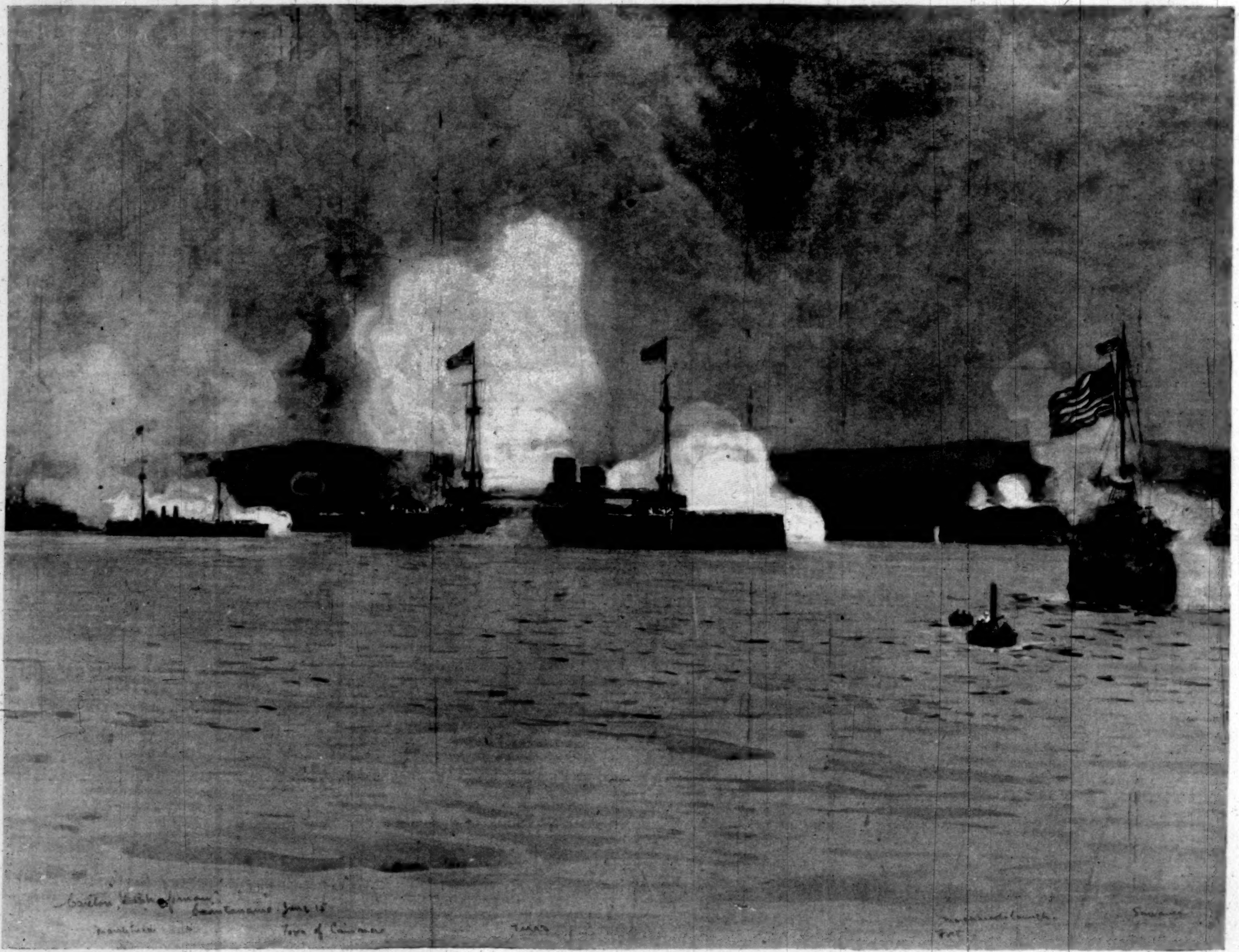
FRANK A. VANDERLIP, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury.

E. S. MARTIN.



Fort, or Intrenchments on Site of old Block-house. Hospital. Officers' Mess. Cuban Camp. Cable-house.

LANDING A FUNERAL PARTY AT CAMP McCALLA.



"Marblehead." Town of Caimanera. "Texas." Fort. "Marblehead's" Launch. "Suwanee."

SHELLING THE SPANIARDS OUT OF CAIMANERA, FORT AND TOWN.

EVENTS AT GUANTANAMO BAY, JUNE 15.

Drawn by Carlton T. Chapman, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly" with Admiral Sampson's Fleet.

THE ASSOCIATE HERMITS.*

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON,

AUTHOR OF "THE GREAT STONE OF SARDIS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. FROST.

VI.—CAMP ROY.

NO thoughts of idiocy crossed the minds of any of the camping party during their first breakfast under the great oak-tree. The air, the sunlight, the rippling waters of the lake, the white clouds in the blue sky, the great trunks of the trees, the rustling of the leaves, the songs of the birds, the hum of insects, the brightness of everything, their wonderful appetites—the sense of all these things more than filled their minds.

For the greater part of that day Mr. Archibald fished, sometimes in a stream which ran into the head of the lake about a quarter of a mile above the camp, and sometimes on the shores of the lake itself. Margery sketched; her night in the studio had filled her with dreams of art, and she had discovered in a corner a portable easel made of hickory sticks with the bark on, and she had tucked some drawing materials into one of her bags.

Mrs. Archibald was a little tired with her journey of the day before, and contented herself with sitting in the shade in pleasant places, occupied with some needlework she had brought with her, and trying to discipline her mind to habits of happiness in camp. This was not very difficult during the first part of this beautiful day, but toward the end of the afternoon she began to think less of the joys of a free life in the heart of nature and more of the pleasure of putting on her bonnet and going out to make some calls upon her friends. In this state of mind it pleased her to see Phil Matlack coming toward her.

"Would you like a cup of tea, ma'am?" said he.

"No, thank you," she answered. "It would seem rather odd to have afternoon tea in the woods, and I really don't care for it."

"We can have 'most anything in the woods, ma'am," said Matlack, "that we can have anywhere else, provided you don't mind what sort of fashion you have it in. I thought it might be sort of comfortin' to you to have a cup of tea. I've noticed that in most campin' parties of the family order there's generally one or two of them that's lonesome the first day; and the fact is I don't count on anything particular bein' done on the first day in camp, except when the party is regular hunters or fishermen. It's just as well for some of them to sit round on the first day and let things soak into them, provided it isn't rain, and the next day they will have a more natural feelin' about what they really want to do. Now I expect you'll be off on some sort of a tramp to-morrow, ma'am, or else be out in the boat; and as for that young lady, she's not goin' to sketch no more after to-day. She's got young Martin out in the boat, restin' on his oars, while she's puttin' him into her picture. She's rubbed him out so often that I expect he'll fall asleep and tumble overboard, or else drop one of his oars."

"Mr. Matlack," said Mrs. Archibald, "will you please sit down a moment? I want to ask you something."

"Certainly, ma'am," said he, and forthwith seated himself on a log near by, picking up a stick as he did so, and beginning to shave the bark from it with his pocket-knife.

"Do you know," said she, "if there are panthers in these woods?"

Matlack looked up at her quickly. "I expect you heard them walkin' about your cabin last night," said he; "and not only panthers, but most likely a bear or two, and snakes rustlin' in the leaves; and, for all I know, coons or 'possums climbin' in and out of the window."

"Oh, nothing so bad as that," she replied. "I only thought—"

"Excuse me, ma'am," he interrupted. "I didn't mean that you heard all those things, but most likely a part of them. Hardly any family parties goes into camp that some of them don't hear wild beasts the first night. But they never come no more. Them kind of wild beasts I call first-nighters, and they're about the worst kind we've got, because they really do hurt people by scratchin' and clawin' at their nerves, whereas the real wild beasts in these parts—and they're mighty scarce, and never come near camp—don't hurt nobody."

"I am glad to hear it," said she. "But what on earth can be keeping Mr. Archibald? When he started out after dinner he said he would be back very soon."

"Oh, he's got the fever, ma'am," said Matlack.

"Fever!" exclaimed Mrs. Archibald, dropping her work in her lap.

"Oh, don't be frightened," said he; "it is only the fishin' fever. It don't hurt anybody; it only keeps the meals waitin'. You see, we are pretty nigh the first people out this year, and the fish bite lively. Are you fond of fishin', ma'am?"

"No, indeed," said she; "I dislike it. I think it is cruel and slimy and generally unpleasant."

"I expect you'll spend most of your time in the boat," suggested Matlack. "Your husband rows, don't he?"

"He doesn't row me," said Mrs. Archibald, with earnestness. "I never go out in a boat except with a regular boatman. I suppose you have a larger boat than the one that young man is in? I can see it from here, and it looks very small."

"No, ma'am," said Matlack; "that's the only one we've got. And now I guess I'll go see about supper. This has been a lazy day for us, but we always do calc'late on a lazy day to begin with."

"It strikes me," said Matlack to himself, as he walked away, "that this here camp will come to an end pretty soon. The man and the young woman could stand it for a couple of weeks, but there's nothing here for the old lady, and it can't be long before she'll have us all out of the woods again."

"You can come in," called Margery, about ten minutes after this conversation; and young Martin, who had not the least idea of going to sleep in the boat, dipped his oars in the water and rowed ashore, pulled the boat up on the beach, and then advanced to the spot where Margery was preparing to put away her drawing materials.

"Would you mind letting me see your sketch?" said he.

"Oh no," said she; "but you'll see it isn't very much like the scene itself. When I make a drawing from nature I never copy everything I see just as if I were making a photograph. I suppose you think I ought to draw the boat just as it is? But I always put something of my own in my pictures. And that, you see, is a different kind of a boat from the one you were in. It is something like Venetian boats."

"It isn't like anything in this part of the world, that is true," said the young man, as he held the drawing in his hand; "and if it had been more like a gondola it would not have suited the scene. I think you have caught the spirit of the landscape very well; but if you don't object to a little criticism, I should say that the shore over there is too near the foreground. It seems to me that the picture wants atmosphere; that would help the distance very much."

"Do you draw?" asked Margery, in surprise.

"I used to be very fond of sketching," said he. "I staid at Sadler's a good part of last winter, and when I wasn't out hunting I made a good many drawings of winter scenes. I would be glad to show them to you when we go back."

"Well," said she, "if I had known you were an artist I would not have asked you to go out there and sit as a model."

"Oh, I am not an artist," replied Martin; "I only draw, that's all. But if you make any more water sketches and would like me to put some ducks or any other kind of wild-fowl in the foreground I will be glad to do it for you. I have made a specialty of natural-history drawings. Don't bother yourself about that easel; I'll carry up your things for you."

About half-way to the cabin Margery suddenly stopped and turned round toward the young man, who was fol-

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2167.

lowing her, "How did you come to be a guide?" she asked.

He smiled. "That's because I was born a naturalist and a sportsman. I went into business when I finished my education, but I couldn't stand that, and as I couldn't afford to become a gentleman sportsman, I came here as a guide. I'm getting a lot of experience in this sort of life, and when I've saved money enough I'm going on an exploring expedition, most likely to Central America. That's the kind of life that will suit me."

"And write a book about it?" asked Margery.

"Most likely," said he.

That night, after supper, Margery remarked: "Our two guides are American citizens, and I don't see why they can't eat at the table with us instead of waiting until we have finished. We are all free and equal in the woods."

"Margery Dearborn!" exclaimed Mrs. Archibald. "What are you talking about?"

She was going to say that if there were one straw more needed to break her back, that straw would be the sight of the two guides sitting at the table with them, but she restrained herself. She did not want Mr. Archibald to know anything about the condition of her back.

"So long as they don't want to do it, and don't do it," said she, "pray don't let us say anything about it. Let's try to make things as pleasant as we can."

Mr. Archibald was lighting his pipe, and when he was sure the tobacco was sufficiently ignited he took the pipe from his mouth and turned toward his wife.

"Harriet," said he, "you have been too much alone today. I don't know what I shall do to-morrow; but whatever it is, I am going to take you with me."

"Of course that depends on what it is you do," she answered. "But I will try to do everything I can."

Mr. Archibald heaved a little sigh, which was not noticed by any one, because it sounded like a puff.

"I am afraid," he thought, "that this camping business is not going to last very much longer, and we shall be obliged to make the rest of our wedding-journey in a different style."

The next morning, when Mr. Archibald went out of his cabin door, he looked over the lake and saw a bird suddenly swoop down upon the water, breaking the smooth surface into sparkles of silver, and then rise again, a little silvery fish glittering in its claws.

"Beautifully done!" said he. "A splendid stroke!" And then turning, he looked up the lake, and not far from the water's edge he saw Margery walking with Mr. Clyde, while Mr. Raybold followed a little in the rear.

"Harriet," he cried, quickly stepping into the cabin again, "look out here! What is the meaning of this?"

Mrs. Archibald was dressed, and came out. When she saw the trio approaching them, she was not so much surprised as was her husband.

"I don't know the meaning of anything that happens in these woods," she said; "but if a lot of people have come from the hotel with those young men I cannot say I am sorry."

"Come," said her husband, "we must look into this."

In two minutes the Archibalds had met the new-comers, who advanced with outstretched hands, as if they had been old friends. Mr. Archibald, not without some mental disquietude at this intrusion upon the woodland privacy of his party, was about to begin a series of questions, when he was forestalled by Margery.

"Oh, Uncle Archibald and Aunt Harriet!" she exclaimed, "Mr. Clyde and Mr. Raybold have come out here to camp. Their camp is right next to ours, and it is called Camp Roy. You see, some years ago there was a large camping party came here, and they called the place Camp Rob Roy, but it was afterwards divided, and one part called Camp Rob and the other Camp Roy."

"Indeed!" interrupted Mr. Archibald. "Mr. Sadler did not tell us that ours was only half a camp with only half a name."

"I don't suppose he thought of it," said Margery. "And the line between the two camps is just three hundred feet above our cabin. I don't suppose anybody ever measures it off, but there it is; and Mr. Clyde and Mr. Raybold have taken Camp Roy, which hasn't any house on it; and they started before daybreak this morning, and brought a tent along with them, which they have pitched just back of that little peninsula; and they haven't any guide, because they want to attend to their own cooking and everything, and the man who brought the tent and other things has gone back. They are going to live there just like real backwoodsmen, and they have a boat of their own, which is to be brought up from the bottom of the lake somewhere—I mean from the lower end of the lake. And, Aunt Harriet, may I speak to you a moment?"

With this the young woman drew Mrs. Archibald aside, and in a low voice asked if she thought it would be out of the way to invite the two young men to take breakfast with them, as it was not likely they had all their cooking things in order so early.

Five people sat down to breakfast under the great oak-tree, and it was a lively meal. Mr. Archibald's mental disquiet, in which were now apparent some elements of resentment, had not subsided, but the state of his mind did not show itself in his demeanor, and he could not help feeling pleased to see that his wife was in better spirits. He had always known that she liked company.

After breakfast he took Matlack aside. "I don't understand this business," said he. "When I hired this camp I supposed we were to have it to ourselves; but if there are other camps jammed close against it we may be in the midst of a great public picnic before a week is out."

"Oh, that camp over there isn't much of a camp," replied the guide. "The fact is, it is only the tail end of a camp, and I don't suppose Peter Sadler thought anybody would be likely to take it just now, and so didn't think it worth while to speak of it. Of course it's jammed up against this one, as you say; but then the people in one camp haven't the right to cross the line into another camp if the people in the other camp don't want them to."

"Line!" said Mr. Archibald. "It is absurd to think of lines in a place like this. And I have no intention of making myself disagreeable by ordering people off my premises. But I would like to know if there is another camp three hundred feet on this side of our cabin, or three hundred feet back of it."

"No, sir," said Matlack, speaking promptly; "there isn't another camp between this and the lower end of the lake. There's a big one there, and it's taken; but the people aren't coming until next month."

"If a larger party had taken Camp Roy," said Mr. Archibald to his wife a little later, "I should not mind it so much. But two young men! I do not like it."

VII.—A STRANGER.

It was at the close of a pleasant afternoon four days after the arrival of the young men at Camp Roy, and Mrs. Archibald was seated on a camp-stool near the edge of the lake intently fishing. By her side stood Phil Matlack, who had volunteered to interpose himself between her and all the disagreeable adjuncts of angling. He put the bait upon her hook, he told her when her cork was bobbing sufficiently to justify a jerk, and when she caught a little fish he took it off the hook. Fishing in this pleasant wise had become very agreeable to the good lady, and she found pleasures in camp life which she had not anticipated. Her husband was in a boat some distance out on the lake, and he was also fishing; but she did not care for that style of sport. The fish were too big and the boat was too small.

A little farther down the lake Martin Sanders sat busily engaged in putting some water-fowl into the foreground of Margery's sketch. A critical observer might have noticed that he had also made a number of changes in said sketch, all of which added greatly to its merits as a picture of woodland scenery. At a little distance Margery was sitting at her easel making a sketch of Martin as an artist at work in the woods. The two young men had gone off with their guns, not perhaps because they expected to find any legitimate game at that season, but hoping to secure some ornithological specimens, or get a shot at some minor quadrupeds unprotected by law. Another reason for their expedition could probably have been found in some strong hints given by Mr. Archibald that it was unwise for them to be hanging around the camps and taking no advantage of the opportunities for sport offered by the beautiful weather and the forest.

It was not long before Margery became convinced that the sketch on which she was working did not resemble her model, nor did it very much resemble an artist at work in the woods.

"It looks a good deal more like a cobbler mending shoes," she said to herself; "and I'll keep it for that. Some day I will put a bench under him and a shoe in his hand instead of a sketch." With that she rose, and went to see how Martin was getting on. "I think," she said, "those dark ducks improve the picture very much. They throw the other things back." Then she stopped, went to one side, and gazed out over the lake. "I wonder," she said, "if there is really any fun in fishing. Uncle Archibald has been out in that boat for more than two hours, and he has fished almost every day since he's been here. I should think he would get tired of it."

"Oh no," said Martin, looking up with animation. "If you know how to fish, and there is good sport, you never get tired of it."

"I know how to fish," said Margery, "and I do not care about it at all."

"You know how to fish?" said Martin. "Can you make a cast with a fly?"

"I never tried that," said she. "But I have fished as Aunt Harriet does, and it is as easy as can be."

"Oh," said he, "you don't know anything about fishing unless you have fished with a fly. That is the only real sport. It is as exciting as a battle. If you would let me teach you how to throw a fly, I am sure you would never find fishing tiresome, and these woods would be like a new world to you."

"Why don't you do it yourself, then?" she asked.

"Because I am paid to do other things," he replied. "We are not sent here simply to enjoy ourselves, though I must say that I—" And then he suddenly stopped. "I wish you would let me teach you fly-fishing. I know you would like it."

Margery looked at the eager face turned toward her, and then she gazed out over the water.

"Perhaps I might like it," she said. "But it wouldn't be necessary for you to take that trouble. Uncle Archibald has two or three times asked me to go out with him, and of course he would teach me how to fish as he does. Isn't that somebody calling you?"

"Yes," said Martin, rising; "it's Phil. I suppose it's nearly supper-time."

As they walked toward the camp, Margery in front, and Martin behind her carrying the drawing-materials and the easel, Margery suddenly turned.

"It was very good of you to offer to teach me to fish with flies," she said, "and perhaps if Uncle Archibald doesn't want to be bothered, I may get you to show me how to do it."

The young man's face brightened, and he was about to express his pleasure with considerable warmth; but he checked himself, and merely remarked that whenever she was ready he would provide a rod and flies and show her how to use them.

Mrs. Archibald had gone into the cabin, and Margery went up to Matlack, who was on his way to the little tent in which the camp cooking was done.

"Did Mrs. Archibald tell you," said she, "that we have invited Mr. Clyde and Mr. Raybold to supper to-night?"

The guide stopped and smiled. "She told me," said he, "but I don't know that it was altogether necessary."

"I suppose you mean," said Margery, "that they are here so much; but I don't wonder: they must do awfully poor cooking for themselves. I don't suppose they will bring anything back that is good to eat."

"Not at this time of year," said he, "but I shall be satisfied if they bring themselves home."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Margery, quickly.

"Well," said Matlack, "I don't doubt the bicycle fellow will always come back all right, but I'm afeared about the other one. That bicycle chap don't know no more about a gun than he does about makin' bread, and I wouldn't go out huntin' with him for a hundred dollars. He's just as likely to take a crack at his pardner's head as at anything else that's movin' in the woods."

"That is dreadful!" exclaimed Margery.

"Yes, it is," returned the guide; "and if I had charge of their camp he wouldn't go out with a gun again. But it will be all right in a day or two. Peter will settle that."

"Mr. Sadler, do you mean?" asked Margery. "What's he got to do with it?"

"He's got everything to do with it," said Matlack. "He's got everything to do with everything in this part of the country. He's got his laws, and he sees to it that people stand by them. One of his rules is that people who don't know how to use guns sha'n't shoot in his camps."

"But how can he know about the people out here in the woods?" asked Margery.

"I tell you, miss," said Matlack, speaking slowly and decisively, "Peter Sadler's ways of knowing things is like gas—the kind you burn, I mean. I was a-visitin' once in a city house, and slept in a room on the top floor, and there was a leak in the pipe in the cellar, and that gas just went over the whole house, into every room and closet, and even under the beds, and I've often thought that that was just like Peter's way of doin' things and knowin' things. You take my word for it, that bicycle man won't go out huntin' many more days, even if he don't shoot his pardner fust."

"He won't go to-morrow," thought Margery; and then she said to Matlack: "I think we ought to know Mr. Sadler's rules. Has he any more of them?"

"Oh, they ain't very many," said Matlack. "But there's one I think of now, and that is that no woman shall go out in a boat by herself on this lake."

"That is simply horrid!" exclaimed Margery. "Women can row as well as men."

"I don't say they can't," said Matlack. "I'm only tellin' you what Peter's rules are and that's one of them."

Margery made no reply, but walked away, her head thrown back a little more than was usual with her.

"I've got to keep my eye on her," said Matlack to himself, as he went to the cabin; "she's never been broke to no harness."

Mr. Raybold did not shoot Mr. Clyde, nor did he shoot anything else. Mr. Clyde did shoot a bird, but it fell into the water at a place where the shore was very marshy, and it was impossible for him to get it. He thought it was a heron, or a bittern, or perhaps a fish-hawk, but whatever it was, both ladies said that it was a great pity to kill it, as it was not good to eat, and must have been very happy in its life in the beautiful forest.

"It is very cruel to shoot them when they are not strictly game," said Mr. Clyde, "and I don't believe I will do it. If I had the things to stuff them with, that would be different, but I haven't. I believe fishing is just as much fun, and more sensible."

"I do not!" exclaimed Mr. Raybold. "I hold that hunting is a manly art, and that a forester's life is as bold and free to him as it is to the birds in the air. I believe I have the blood of a hunter in me. My voice is for the woods."

"I expect you will change your voice," thought Margery, "when Mr. Sadler takes your gun away from you." But she did not say so.

Mr. Archibald stood with his hands in his pockets reflecting. He had hoped that these two young men were inveterate hunters, and that they would spend their days in long tramps. He did not at all approve of their fishing. Fishing could be done anywhere—here, for instance, right at this very door.

Supper was over, and the five inhabitants of Camps Rob and Roy had seated themselves around the fire which Martin had carefully built, keeping in view a cheery blaze without too much heat. Pipes had been filled and preparations made for the usual evening smoke and talk, when a man was seen emerging from the woods at the point where the road opened into the clearing about the camp. It was still light, for these hungry campers supped early, and the man could be distinctly seen as he approached, and it was plain that he was not a messenger from Sadler's.

He was rather a large man, dressed in black, and wearing a felt hat with a wide, straight brim. Hanging by a strap from his shoulder was a small leather bag, and in his hand he carried a closed umbrella. Advancing toward the fire, he took off his hat, bowed, and smiled. He wore no beard, his face was round and plump, and his smile was pleasant.

"Good-evening, ladies and gentlemen," said he, and his voice was as pleasant as his smile.

"Good evening," said Mr. Archibald, and then for a moment there was a pause.

"I presume," said the new-comer, looking about him, "that this is a camp."

"It is a camp," said Mr. Archibald.

"The fact is so obvious," said the man in black, "that it was really unnecessary for me to allude to it. May I ask to be allowed to sit down for a few moments? I am fatigued."

At this juncture Phil Matlack arrived on the scene.

"Well, sir," said he, "have you any business with anybody here? Who do you wish to see?"

"I have no business," said the other, "and—"

"And you are a stranger to everybody here?" interrupted Matlack.

"Yes, but I hope—"

"Now then," said the guide, quickly, "I've got to ask you to move on. This is one of Peter Sadler's camps, and he has strict rules against strangers stoppin' in any of them. If you've lost your way, I'll tell you that that road, if you don't turn to the right or the left, will take you straight to Sadler's, and there's time enough for you to get there before dark."

"Mr. Matlack," exclaimed Mrs. Archibald, who had risen to her feet, "I want to speak to you! It's a shame," she said, when the guide had approached her, "to send that man away without even giving him a chance to rest himself. He may be a very respectable person on a walking tour."

"I guess he is on a walkin' tour," said Matlack, "and I guess he's a regular tramp, and there's no orders we've got that's stricter than them against tramps."

"Well, I don't care who he is," said Mrs. Archibald, "or what your rules are, but when a perfectly good-mannered man comes to us and asks simply to be allowed to rest, I don't want him to be driven away as if he were a stray pig on a lawn. Mr. Archibald, shouldn't he be allowed to rest awhile?"

Her husband rose and approached the stranger. "Where are you going, sir?" said he.

The man looked at Matlack, at Martin, who stood behind him, and then at the rest of the company, and after this comprehensive glance he smiled.

"From present appearances," he said, "I think I am going to go."

Mr. Archibald laughed. "When do you expect to get there?" he asked.

"It seems to me," said the other, reflectively, "that I am always going there, and I suppose I shall have to keep on doing it."

"Look here," said Mr. Archibald, turning to Matlack, "give him some supper, and let him rest. There will be time enough for him to get to Sadler's after that. If Sadler has anything to say against it, refer him to me."

"All right, sir," said Matlack, "if you say so. I'm no harder on my fellow-bein's than other people, but rules is rules, and it isn't for me to break them."

"My dear sir," said the stranger to Mr. Archibald, "your words are more grateful to me than the promise of food. I see that you consider me a tramp, but it is a mistake. I am not a tramp. If you will allow me, after I have eaten a little supper—a meal which I must admit I greatly need—I will explain to you how I happen to be here." And with a bow he walked toward the table where Matlack and Martin had been eating their supper.

"Do you know what I think he is?" said Mr. Clyde, when Mr. Archibald had resumed his seat and his pipe. "I believe he is a wandering actor. Actors always have smoothly shaven faces, and he looks like one."

"Actor!" exclaimed Arthur Raybold. "That's nonsense. He's not in the least like an actor. Anybody could see by his tread and his air that he's never been on the stage. He's more like a travelling salesman. The next thing he'll do will be to pull out of that bag some samples of spool thread or patent thimbles."

"You are both wrong," said Margery, "entirely wrong. I have been looking at him, and I believe he is a Methodist minister with a dead horse. They ride circuits, and of course when their horses die they walk. Just wait a little, and see if I am not right."

They waited a little, and then they waited a little longer, and they had begun to be tired of waiting before the stranger finished his meal and approached the fire. His face was brighter, his smile was more pleasant, and his step had a certain jauntiness in it.

"I thank you all," he said, "for the very good meal I have just enjoyed. I am now going to go, but before I start I would like very much—indeed, I crave it as a favor—to place myself before you in my proper light. May I have permission to do so, madam and sir?" he said, addressing Mrs. and Mr. Archibald, but with a respectful glance at the others, as if he would not ignore any one of them.

"Certainly," said Mrs. Archibald. "Sit down and tell us about yourself."

The stranger seated himself with alacrity a little back from the circle, and nearer to the young men than to the Archibald party.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A YANKEE IN SPAIN.

X.—IN A SAVAGE CORNER OF MOORISH SPAIN—ABSENCE OF BEGGARY—EXCELLENT DINNER.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR.

THE sort of thing we relished most was our run along the Mediterranean between Alicante and Valencia, around a bold promontory from which may be seen in clear weather the western islands of the group near Majorca. Magnificent caves indent this coast, and little coves create most seductive invitation to smugglers. There are no railways here, and to judge from our experience, and especially that of our bikes, no white man ever before trod that romantic and rocky path.

We had not gone far out of Alicante when rain commenced and soon converted the already heavy road into a mire of clay. We stopped at a road-side posada, where sat three moorish-looking muleteers making a hearty meal of a rice and meat stew, which they conveyed to their respective mouths directly from a vast bowl, which appeared to be the common family utensil for all emergencies. The house consisted mainly of a door towards the road, and a roof that extended well out in the shape of a veranda, over which climbed vines. One side of this one room was occupied by a vast fireplace, the other by a store-room. The building must have been originally intended for a fortress, or else built when wood was very expensive, for

MOORISH HOUSE NEAR SAN JUAN DE ALICANTE.

even the shelves were of masonry, and an incendiary could have done no more mischief than in the vaults of a safe-deposit company.

With truly magnificent courtesy the three ragged muleteers took pity on our bedraggled appearance, and invited us to share their mess. We exchanged courtesies as well as we could by offering them our cigarettes and wine. Then we got the good lady to make us a savory tortilla, which, followed by the vigorous goats'-milk cheese of the country, made us once more happy. Nothing could have exceeded the courtesy of our rough entertainers. They might cheerfully have cut our throats in the night, had they been tempted in the right manner, but until that moment arrived they would, I am sure, have made life as sweet to us as courtliness could suggest.

It struck us throughout our trip that beggary ceased the moment we got beyond the atmosphere of the show places where tourists congregate. In small places we did, to be sure, meet with signs of great poverty, and at the posadas would occasionally see a beggar—not the impudent, whining imposter of Toledo and Madrid, but a decayed grandee sort of a character, who stood before us in the majestic folds of a ragged serape, offering us in dignified accents an opportunity of showing towards him some of that hospitality which he would gladly have exhibited to us in his days of prosperity. I never saw beggars rudely treated in the small places; on the contrary, they appeared favorably known as the victims of misfortune, and it was assumed that they would not ask for bread if they were not hungry. More than once have we seen our hostess, in the midst of conversation, rise to cut a slice of bread for a man who merely stood respectfully outside the door, eloquently admiring the food within. Then this same man would take his bread, sit down on a stone hard by, and eat up every bit of it. It would be a bold woman indeed who would dare offer a piece of dry bread to a tramp on an American road. He would probably throw the bread at her head and then fire her barn.

Our intolerance on the subject of beggary no doubt is the unconscious result of growing up in a community where labor is highly paid and where mendicancy implies almost invariably idleness or drunkenness. Besides, we have a superabundance of charitable institutions for those who cannot earn a living. In Spain, however, society is more primitive, and the impotent members thereof, instead of being quartered at great expense in poorhouses and asylums, are relieved inexpensively, so far as the government is concerned, by being abandoned to the sometimes uncertain generosity of the way-side. The police appear to discourage tramping, in the interest of the public security. A beggar can do little harm when he is amongst those who know him, but once start a gang of them on the highroads of a country, and they soon acquire a taste for adventure highly harmful to hen-roosts and unprotected property.

We held a council of war at the posada, to decide whether we should plough our way through the mud or go back to Alicante for the night and make a start when the rain had ceased. As usually happened in all our councils of war, we decided unanimously to push on, in spite of rain and mud, to avoid big towns at any cost, and to run our chances of a night's lodging.

The nearest village was a couple of hours further on, and our muleteers said there was a house where we might get beds. Señor Matias was the owner. We had no knowledge of the road ahead excepting what we could gather from peasants. Spanish cycling clubs, guide-books, and maps gave us no help on this road—not that they helped us much anywhere else.

We shook hands all round, after paying our modest bill, and pushed through the mud and rain towards San Juan. Most roads of Europe, in their worst state, yet preserve on one side or the other the possibility of a foot-passenger's making his way with tolerable security. Not so in these parts. We were, it is true, on a highroad over which the royal mail was conveyed once a day. It was marked on the best map of Spain that could be procured as a first-class national macadamized road, and this shows that people can often talk about the same thing and each mean something very different.

The rain came in showers, with bursts of splendid sunshine in between. We soon got so thick with mud that we did not mind a hodful more or less, for we revelled in exquisite bits of mediæval (that is to say, Moorish) architecture. By the side of our road ran irrigating ditches with massive masonry sluices that had been built in the days of Carthage, and had probably never known repair since African warriors governed these coasts. And it is well for us that those magnificent Moors were such good engineers, for, poor as the Spaniard is to-day, he would be much poorer yet were he not profiting by the irrigation prepared for him a thousand years ago by people whom he subsequently drove out of the country.

At length the narrow streets of San Juan took us into their wallowy embrace. The little donkeys that passed us sank up to their knees, while we had ceased to care how far we went, so long as each step brought us nearer to Señor Matias.

What a blessed moment that was when we finally dropped down on a bench in his inn-yard and commenced to remove our boots! I say inn-yard for want of a word in our language that fits. The house, from our point of view, did not commence until the upper story. That is to say, we came in upon a broad space partly occupied by a mule-cart and partly by kitchen utensils. From this apartment radiated doors communicating partly into a stable for donkeys, partly into a storage-room for forage, partly into sleeping-quarters for the servants and the poorer guests, and partly into a yard devoted to manure and chickens. There appeared to be no door to this house—at least not on the ground-floor. The population of the village drifted in and out without restraint, and I must again note the excellent manners they exhibited towards strangers like ourselves, who at such a time must have been well worth staring at. There is no sign to mark this house as an inn, nor is there anything to indicate that the establishment supplies likewise a large variety of general articles in the way of wine, groceries, bread, and the things usually kept at small country stores. Five drovers were having their supper at a table near the mule cart as we came in, and a kindly old lady was cooking savory things for them at the big gypsy fire in the corner. She had no light to see by save an iron bowl filled with lard, from the corner of which emerged a slender thread which served as a wick. It was the light that shone in the tent of Hannibal two centuries before Christ was born, and it is the light which will shine for centuries to come in this part of the world unless from without comes a heavy jog to this backward people, a reminder that they must use improved tools or else become unfit to compete with their fellow-men in other parts of the world.

As I sat with the five muleteers, watching the kindly old lady cooking for a large household by the light of a lamp so feeble that it could hardly have sufficed to show the way in a mine shaft, I could not help wondering how long this state of things could last in a land that was a geographic portion of Europe, whose king claimed the title or "Most Catholic." I seemed to be an anachronism

ITINERANT KNIFE-SHARPENER.

with my kodak, my bike, my stylographic pen, my portable type writer—all recent triumphs of Yankee invention. I felt that I was in a way like Mark Twain's Yankee at the court of King Arthur, and that the people about might readily regard as witchcraft the mechanical devices so far beyond their power to appreciate or even to understand.

Now and then purchasers came in, who waited patiently until Matias turned up from the stable, or his wife from where she was preparing our beds, or the kindly old lady from the fireplace, or some other member of the large household. No one was in a hurry, or, if he were, he did not show it.

When we had unstrapped the luggage from our bikes and put on bedroom slippers (a great luxury at such a time) we went up stairs, the part of the house evidently reserved for distinguished strangers. Here was a broad hall opening out at the front into a dining-room which faced the village street. At the back the hall opened upon a garden full of palms and southern trees. The bedrooms were merely alcoves opening upon this hall, black spaces large enough to hold a bed and a chair. We were so glad to get this much that we questioned nothing, but made ready for dinner.

We little thought that a prehistoric lamp and a gypsy fire could have made such a dinner as the one we enjoyed that night in this far-away little Spanish village. The event made such an impression on us that the two songsters of the party treated the community to one of their choicest selections from "Carmen," which, by-the-way,

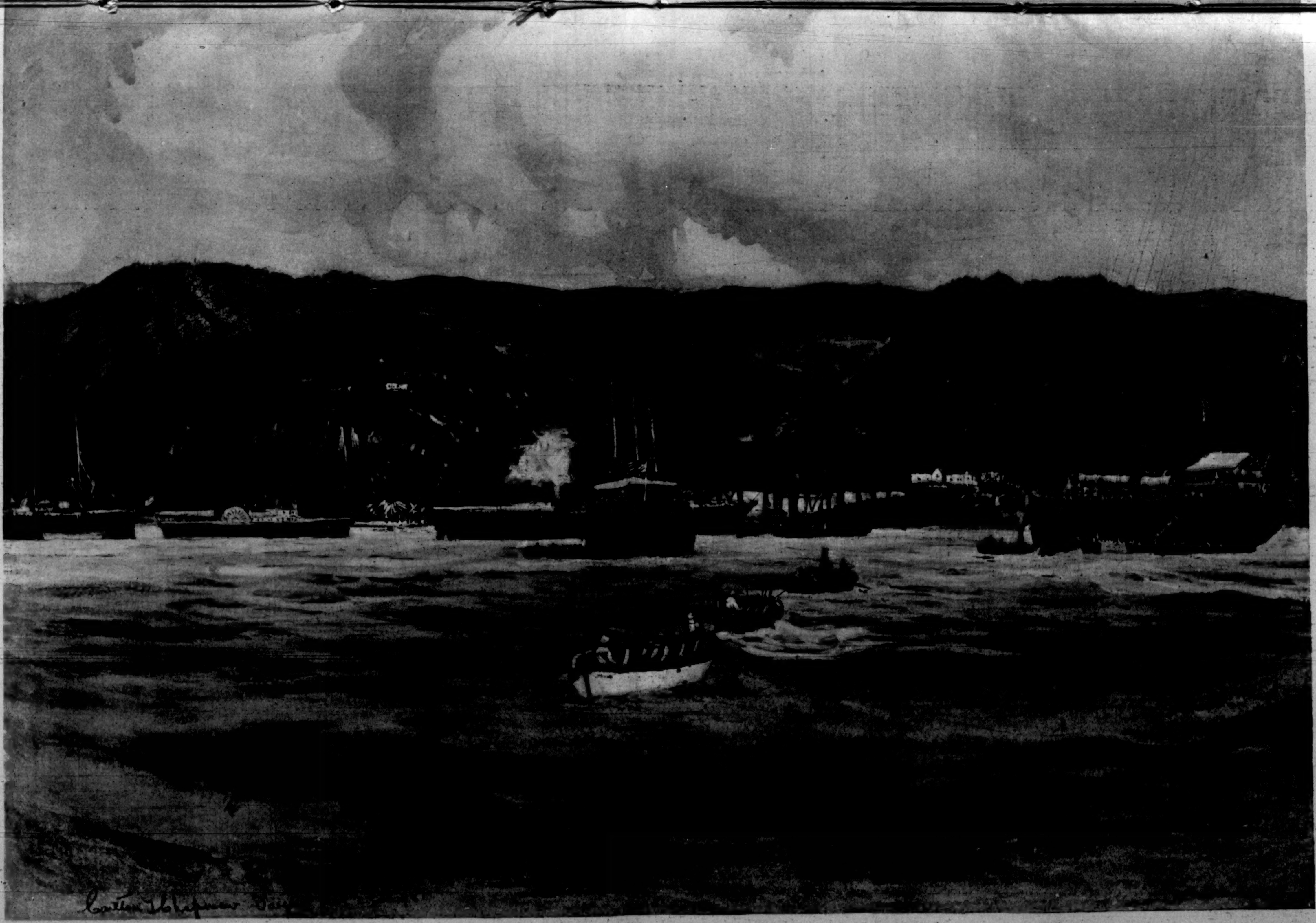
EVERYWHERE IN MADRID.

Railroad Buildings. Troops filing up the Hill. Camp. Railroad Bridge.

LANDING TROOPS AT ENSENADA DE LOS ALTARES, JUNE 24.

Drawn by Carlton T. Chapman, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly" with Admiral Sampson's Fleet.

"The battle of La Guasima, in which the Rough Riders were engaged on this same day, was fought five miles back of this place toward Santiago."—*Extract from Mr. Chapman's Letter.*



Mining Company's Iron Pier and Buildings. Block-house.

LANDING TROOPS AT BAIQUIRI, JUNE 23.

DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET.

sounds to a Spaniard about as much like his music as cockney does like plantation talk to a darky. However, the people showed no resentment, and the host even paid us some hollow compliments on the sweetness of our English song. George tried to explain to him that it was not English, but Spanish, which only confirmed Matias in his original view. He paid us a high compliment that night, no less than waiting on us himself, with a vast sombrero on his head, a cigarette between his teeth, and a species of smock which he wore when dressed for parade.

STREET-SWEEPERS, MADRID.

George thinks we earned this honor by reason of having sung "Carmen." That may be. I am inclined to think that we won his heart by taking an interest in his wine-cellar, by sampling some specimens of his Alicante vintage, both red and white, and finally by selecting with knowledge the wine which he too regarded as the best.

By-the-way, let me remark that throughout Spain I cannot remember seeing a single drunken man, not even among the soldiers. And Spain is the country where wine is cheaper than milk—at times not dearer than pure water. Here is stuff for the teetotaler. Perhaps if in America we removed the tax on wine, we might assist the cause of temperance. Whiskey might at the same time be rated as a poison, and prohibited altogether save under medical advice. For myself, I believe in total abstinence from alcoholic drink. And the best way to fight alcohol is to make light wine abundant and cheap. The world over we find that the cheaper the wine the more temperate the people; for drunkards, commend me to England and the United States, where wine is heavily taxed.

Do you want to know what sort of dinner we got in this savage section of mountainous Spain? Go there and sing to Matias, and he will provide the same for you.

First course: cheese, salt fish, cold ham. These by way of a cocktail.

Second course: Matias brought up from the gypsy fire a casserole, hot from the ashes, filled with a delicious medley, such as I recall having enjoyed at Señor Castelar's eventful dinner. I cannot remember the native name, but there was much onion or garlic, potato, and pieces of meat, and many odds and ends not readily analyzed. Matias told me all about the make of this dish, and Ned vowed that he would give a grand dinner when he got home, just like this one. We had some inkling of what was to be the extent of our meal, for before each of us was a stack of plates, each plate portending a separate course. Thus, after the table was once laid, Matias had only to take away, never to bring on plates. Of course we kept the same knife and fork throughout.

The third course was a tortilla, or Spanish omelet, through which were scattered raw beans, which looked rather pretty, but which we judiciously dropped into our pockets when Matias was not looking.

As fourth course came an excellently dressed lettuce salad, which confirmed me in my respect for Matias. Then came a variety of fruit—nuts, raisins, oranges—all grown in the neighborhood; and finally a little cup of black coffee that could not have been produced better at that famous little French place in New Orleans. We had drunk with this Lucullian banquet a wine of Alicante that would have been rated at three dollars a bottle, yet our bill for all this luxury came in at the rate of one dollar a day for everything. At night we slept soundly on soft mattresses with clean sheets, and in the morning washed in tin bowls at the chairs out in the general hall. Do you wonder that we love Spain?

ON THE WAY TO MANILA.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

U. S. Troop-Ship "Australia," at Sea,
Nearing Honolulu, *May 30, 1898.*

"Those little flannel-cakes! If I could only get some of those little flannel-cakes again, it seems to me I should be satisfied."

He was a private of Company E, First Oregon Volunteers, a "trooper of the forces, who has run his own six horses." In his Portland home he has entertained himself as befits a gentleman of cultivated tastes and independent means. The National Guard has not been one of his amusements; he has always had a disinclination to "play soldier"; but the call to arms found in him one of its first responses. Now he is enduring some of the discomforts he knew he would have to take when he took the oath to support the Constitution and obey the orders of the President of the United States and his superior officers.

"How many times," he says, "have we gone over the bill of fare so critically, trying to pick out something good! Now, if I could only get some of those little flannel-cakes!"

It is an individual case, but not a particular. The demand—not for flannel-cakes always, but for a good, clean, and square meal—is general, and it is an indication of a state of affairs that ought to be set forth very clearly in the interests of the thousands of volunteers who are to follow this first expedition to Manila; in the interest of the administration, which is responsible for the welfare of these volunteers; and in the interest of the country, which both soldiers and administration are bound to serve.

The facts are plain to any one. It is natural, of course, for men who never have been used to roughing it to find life aboard a troop-ship hard to take. Quarters are close and cramped, food is very plain, and there is no great variety of it. Conditions generally are unpleasant. These things the men recognize, and there is very little complaint about them. But there is a demand that the food be served in proper quantities, that the potatoes be boiled until they are cooked thoroughly, that the salt pork be not raw, and that the bacon be done. Beans are not palatable when they are hard enough to be used as poker-chips, and rice is not good to eat when it takes a mill to grind it. Hardtack is a good diet, but not as a steady thing when there is opportunity for fresh bread occasionally. These things, however, are but superficial causes of complaint, and are being eradicated rapidly. Most of them were caused at the start by the rolling of the ship, which so seriously incapacitated so many of the officers of the regiment that proper inspection was not possible. It also added to the discomfort of the men, so that they were inclined to exaggerate their hardships.

There is a much more serious matter for objection and complaint in the equipment of the men. They are sent out to a climate terribly hot and distressingly humid with an absolutely inadequate supply of proper clothing. Under-clothing was issued to-day. It is made of Canton flannel, of a weight that would prove extremely acceptable at the summit of White or Chilkoot Pass, and, even such as it is, there is not enough to go around. Shoes will not go around—to one company which turned in a requisition for sixty-four pairs, twenty-one pairs were issued. There is a large supply of brown duck suits to be issued sometime, by-and-by, but not a helmet or a suitable sun-hat to go with them.

Yet one of the great dangers of life in the Philippines is sunstroke.

These things will be overcome, of course, in time, and "when we have taken Manila." We can get all we want and just what we want in Manila—when we have taken it. But the expectation is that in order to take Manila we shall want some guns—rifles for the soldiers. The guns of the First Oregon are quite in keeping with the clothing outfit. They are the old-fashioned Springfield rifles. Originally they were hard-shooting guns, but that was long ago. Now the rifling has been worn out of a great many of them, and something else is the matter with some of them. There are 200 new rifles, which ought to be in good condition for service; they are of the old model, but they are efficient. The First California boys carry the same guns.

They are going to meet Mauser rifles, and apparently some one is relying on the pluck and dash of our fellows, and on the cowardice of the Spaniards. Our boys have got the pluck, and they will show the dash. There need be no question on that score. But if the Spaniards happen to stay and fight, there is likely to be a sorry tale to tell when these old Springfields take the field against the Mausers.

Now all this adds new emphasis to the great lesson this little war with a sixth-rate, bankrupt, "effete monarchy" is teaching the United States—the lesson of the folly of being unprepared. But it points another moral. We need guns, sabres, men, equipment—everything pertaining to the make-up of an efficient army. But, more than all, we need a different system of administration. Consider this: Uncle Sam has been training a reasonably large number of his young men for a good many years in the art and science of warfare. Most of them have developed remarkable fitness for their occupation. Nearly every one of those who have had experience extending over years enough to put a captain's bars on their shoulder-straps is competent to equip and outfit an expedition of this size. Time is one of the great considerations. There must be no delay. All sorts of conveniences and comforts for the men are sacrificed in order to gain time. Even essentials of equipment are let go. And yet, with all this imperative haste, the management, instead of being put into the hands of the competent, thoroughly trained men who have made such things their life work and have developed it into a science, is kept in the bureaus at Washington. Every detail must be reported "to the Department."

"The Department" wheels around on its revolving-chair and considers the thing a while, and then telegraphs its consent. But a day has been lost, and the expedition might have been 300 miles nearer Manila and Admiral Dewey.

Some army men will say that this ought not to be said now, because it is furnishing information to the enemy. But it is better to furnish what small information the enemy can get out of this if its publication will do anything toward preventing more of such work. And every man in the service knows it is all true. The trained men are set aside for somebody else at the time of all times when their services ought to be used to the fullest possibility, and when the greatest advantage ought to be taken of their training and their ability.

We need a lot of things to make this war as successful as it should be. We need more common-sense and less politics.

Honolulu, H. I., *June 4.*

The two days spent in Honolulu by the soldiers of General Anderson's brigade of General Merritt's Philippine army were a most decided change from the lazy life of the days aboard the transports. Loafing on the hurricane-deck, watching the flying-fish, and speculating on the end of man, in particular the man who goes to the Philippines as a private soldier, gave place to positive emphatic things to do, most desirable things too, in a most delightful city. Honolulu has developed for herself lately a Hawaiian version of "There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night." They say it very briefly here, but for these two days they have been saying it a great many time. "*Wele ke nao,*" they say, and you hear it everywhere. They have been living up to it, too. There has been a hot time—such a hot time as even Honolulu, noted for hospitality, has not seen before. It began when the three troop-ships, *City of Peking*, *Australia*, and *City of Sydney* were sighted on Wednesday afternoon, and there has been scarcely a moment's cessation since. The whole city turned out to welcome the transports in. The wharves were thronged, and there were constant volleys of cheers, until even after the ships were in their berths. As soon as gang-planks were down the serious business began. There were receptions at once at the clubs for the officers, and they were not over until early in the morning.

Kapiolani, the dowager queen, had taken the opportunity of the arrival here of the *Charleston* to arrange for the presentation of a beautiful silk flag to the ship which brought home the body of her husband, King Kalakaua, who died in San Francisco. The formal presentation occurred in the morning after the troopers got here, being delayed for that purpose. All the officers were present, and the United States diplomatic representatives. The presentation was made by Kapiolani's nephews, Prince Cupid and Prince David, who made the address. Afterward there was a luncheon on the ship. President Dole received the officers that afternoon. The men were permitted to come ashore, half a company at a time, and they did have such a good time. They wandered about the streets, staring at the curious shops, and they swarmed on the beach at Waikiki and went swimming in the surf. The Kapiolani Park was open for them, and the government and Hawaiian bands gave a concert.

Yesterday was the great day—it was feast-day for the boys. Arrangements had been made to give every soldier in the brigade a "square meal." All the city had contributed. Tables were set up under the trees in the grounds about the government buildings, and spread with everything that even a hungry soldier who has had nothing but government rations for seven days could name as part of a "square meal." The government band was there to accompany the great feast with sweet music. At 9.30 in the morning the soldiers left their ships and marched up by companies. They filed into the government grounds, and attacked the tables in battalion front.

Every man in the expedition, except the unlucky chaps who had been detailed to sentry duty, was in the hungry army. Every man got what he wanted. There was a great quantity of soda and mineral water, and 3500 quarts of water that had been boiled and then cooled. The boys strolled about the grounds after the feast was over, and in the afternoon went out to Waikiki for surf-bathing. Every soldier in town was decorated with wreaths of flowers, and many of them were half concealed by the leis.

In the morning Chief-Justice Judd, on behalf of the Sons of the Revolution resident in Honolulu, delivered a formal address of welcome to General Anderson. The general, in reply, hoped that annexation would soon be an accomplished fact.

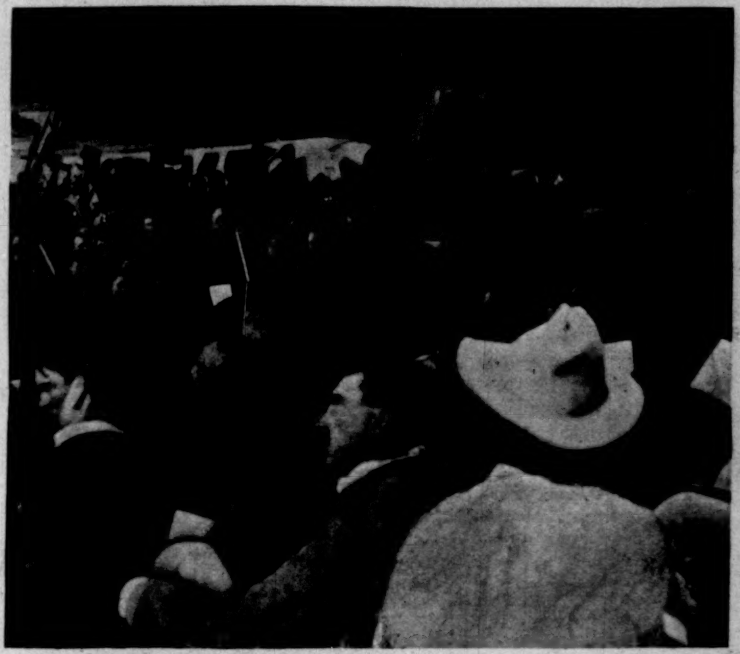
President Dole held an informal reception in the Government Building for the soldiers who were feasting in the grounds. Little groups of them were presented to him constantly.

The hospitality of Honolulu is remarkable; the exhibition of it in the last two days is something no man who witnessed it will ever forget. But through it all this curious feature has struck the soldiers with especial force: the flags that greeted the arrival of the transports, fluttering from a forest of tall poles, from every prominent building, and from scores of residences, that waved in hundreds in the streets, were the stars and stripes. Yet

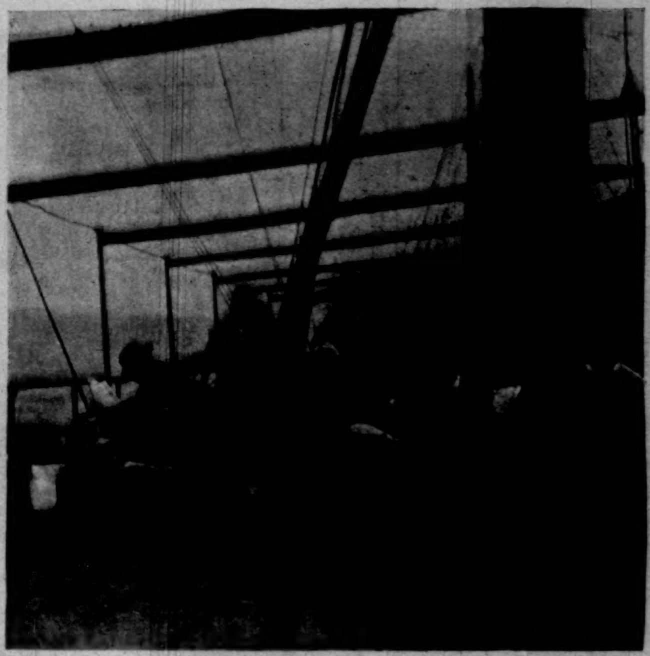
BATHING BY SQUAD ON THE TROOP-SHIP "AUSTRALIA" BOUND FOR MANILA.

over the government buildings there floated a strange flag—the banner of the Hawaiian Republic. The gentlemen and ladies who so royally extended their hospitality are Americans. The language they speak is English. The men we dealt with in the shops were Americans; we bought goods made in the United States, and we paid for them with United States money; we rode about in carriages built in the United States and pulled by American horses; we were at home, and our own flag waved over our heads constantly. But over the government buildings a strange flag floated, and we were in a foreign land.

Oscar King Davis.



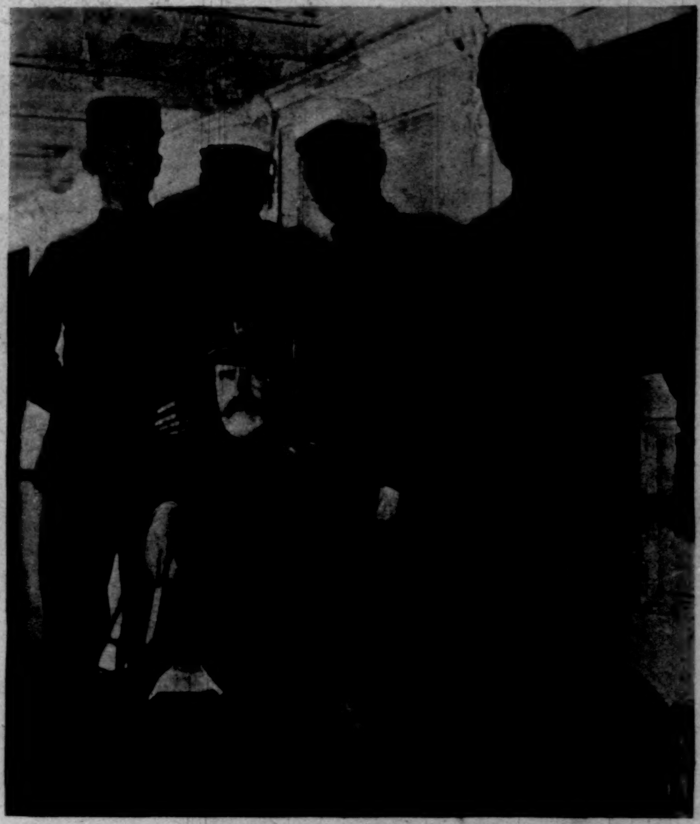
CHAPLAIN GILBERT HOLDING CHURCH SERVICE, MAY 29.



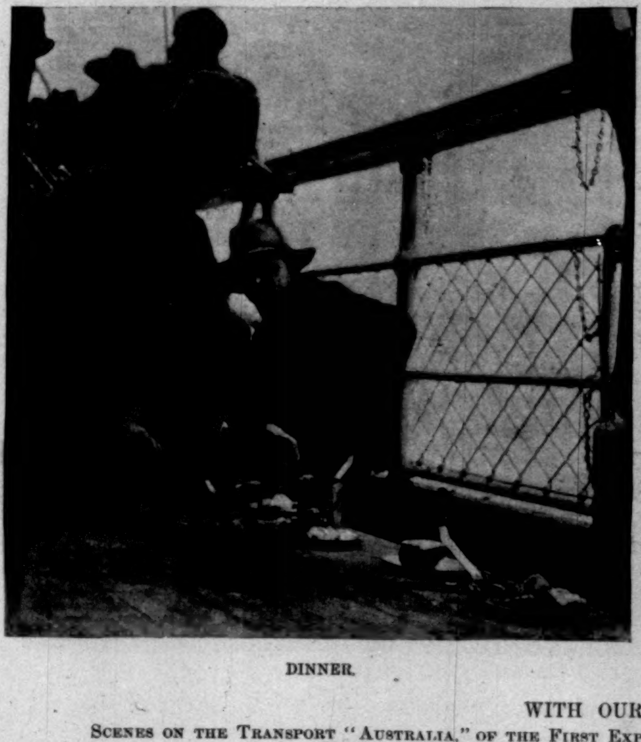
ON THE HURRICANE-DECK.

ASSISTANT-SURGEON WHITING HOLDS A VACCINATION BEE.

Lieut. H. P. McCain, U.S.A., Assistant Adjutant-General. Lieut. S. A. Clomans, U.S.A., Commissary. Major Sam. R. Jones, U.S.A., Quartermaster. Lieut. E. W. Clark, U.S.A., Aide.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL T. M. ANDERSON AND STAFF.

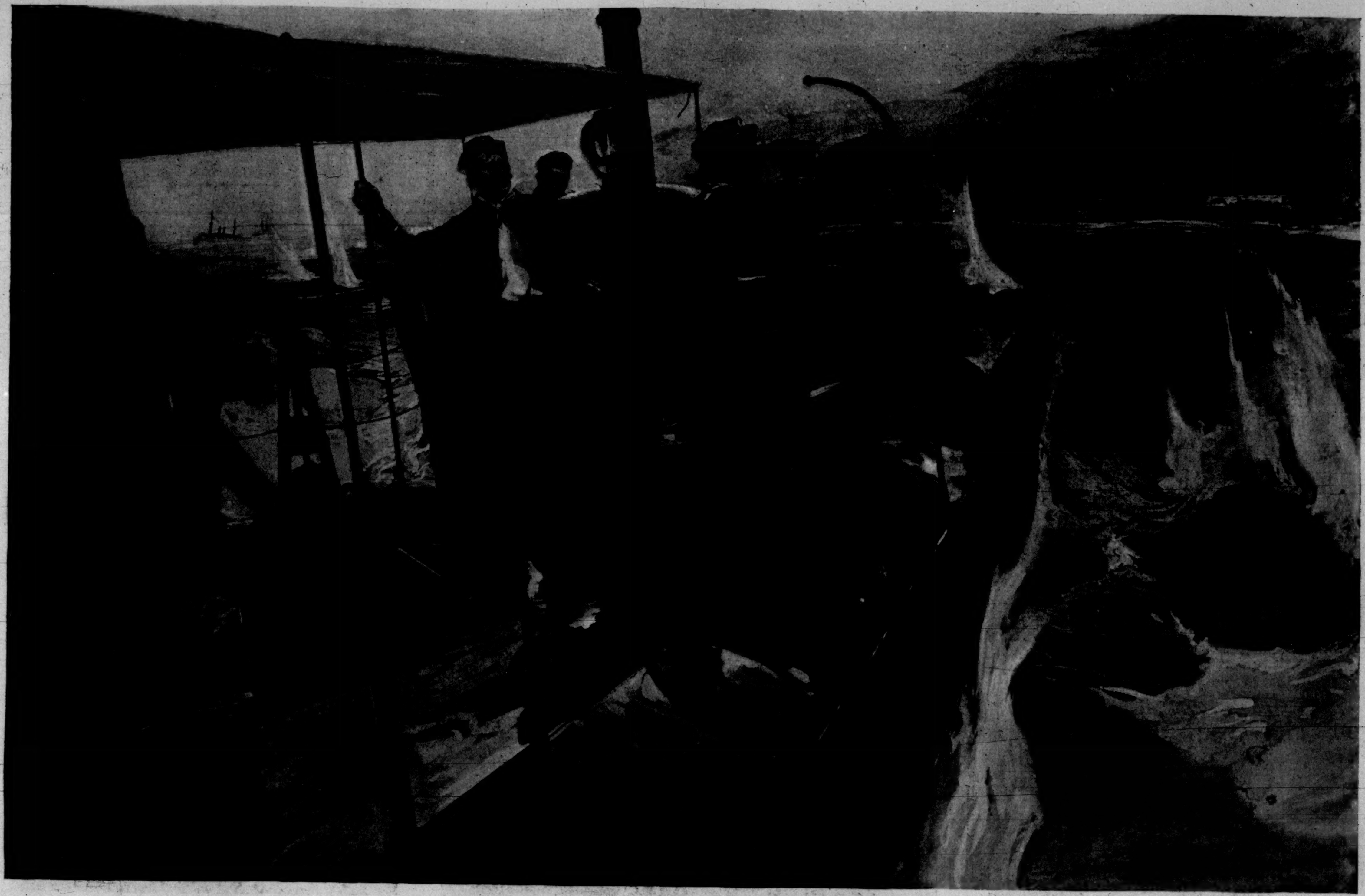


DINNER.

STRING BAND OF COMPANY E, 1st OREGON VOLUNTEERS.

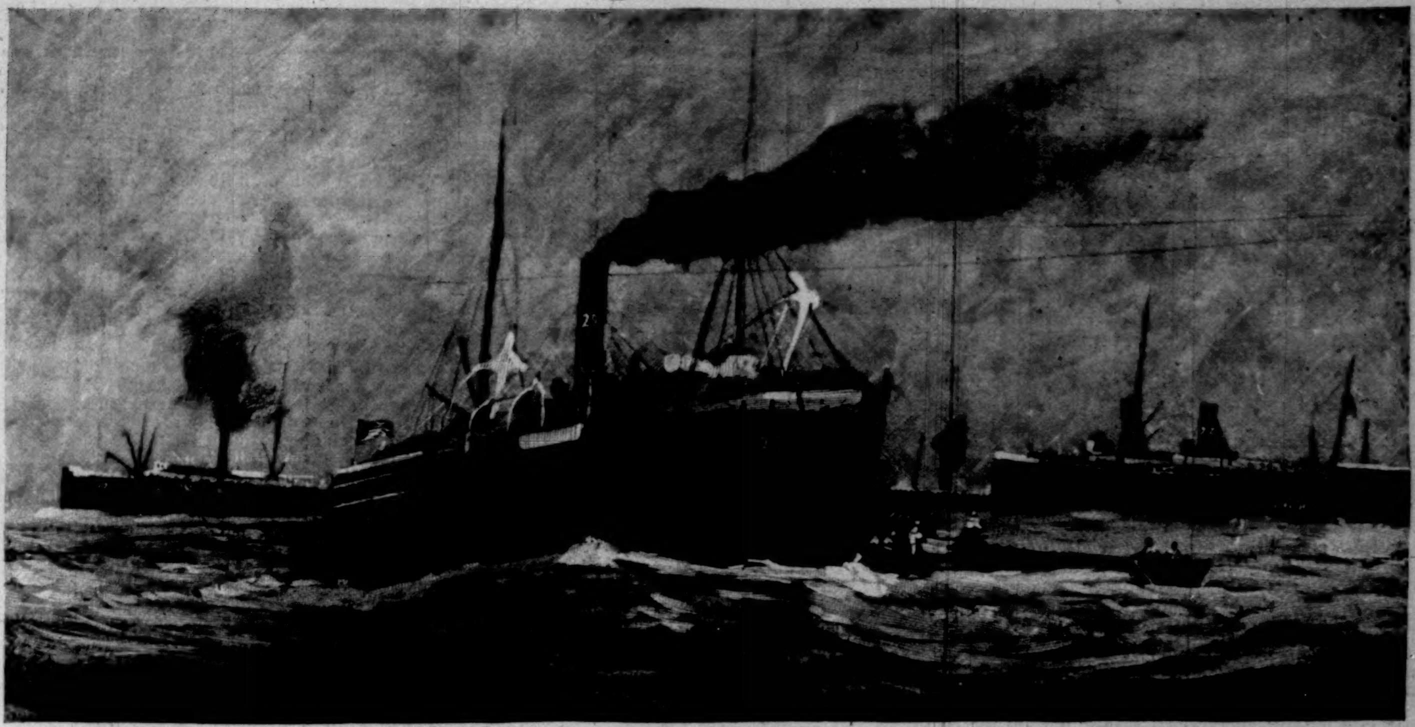
WITH OUR TROOPS FOR MANILA.

Scenes on the Transport "Australia," of the First Expedition, conveying General Anderson and the 1st Oregon Volunteers.
Photographs by Oscar K. Davis, Special Correspondent for "Harper's Weekly."

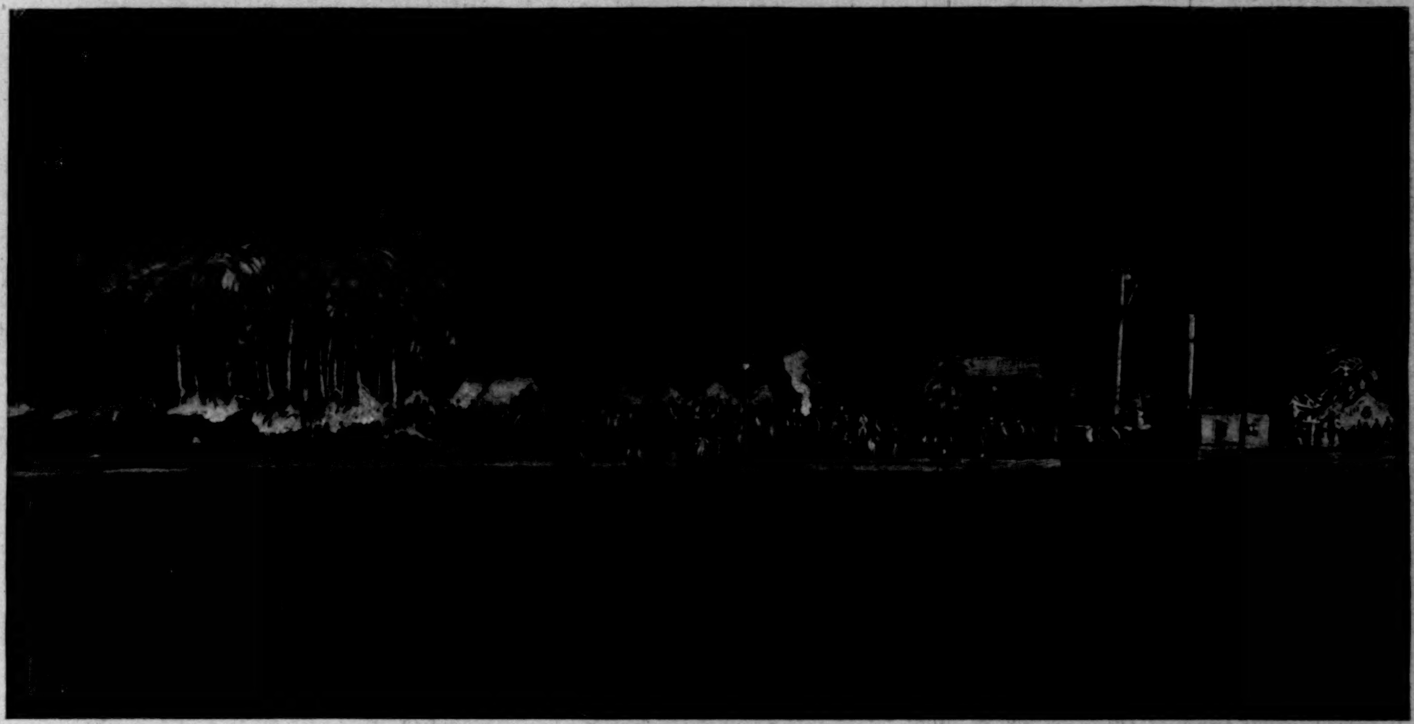


TORPEDO-BOAT "ERICSSON" RECONNOITRING OFF SANTIAGO HARBOR TO OBSERVE THE ERECTION OF NEW SPANISH BATTERIES.—DRAWN BY H. REUTERDAHL.

"At dawn the Spanish sighted the 'Ericsson' close under their batteries, and sent a 10-inch shell whizz-whirring over her. Others followed, one going between her two funnels."—*Correspondence from Santiago.*

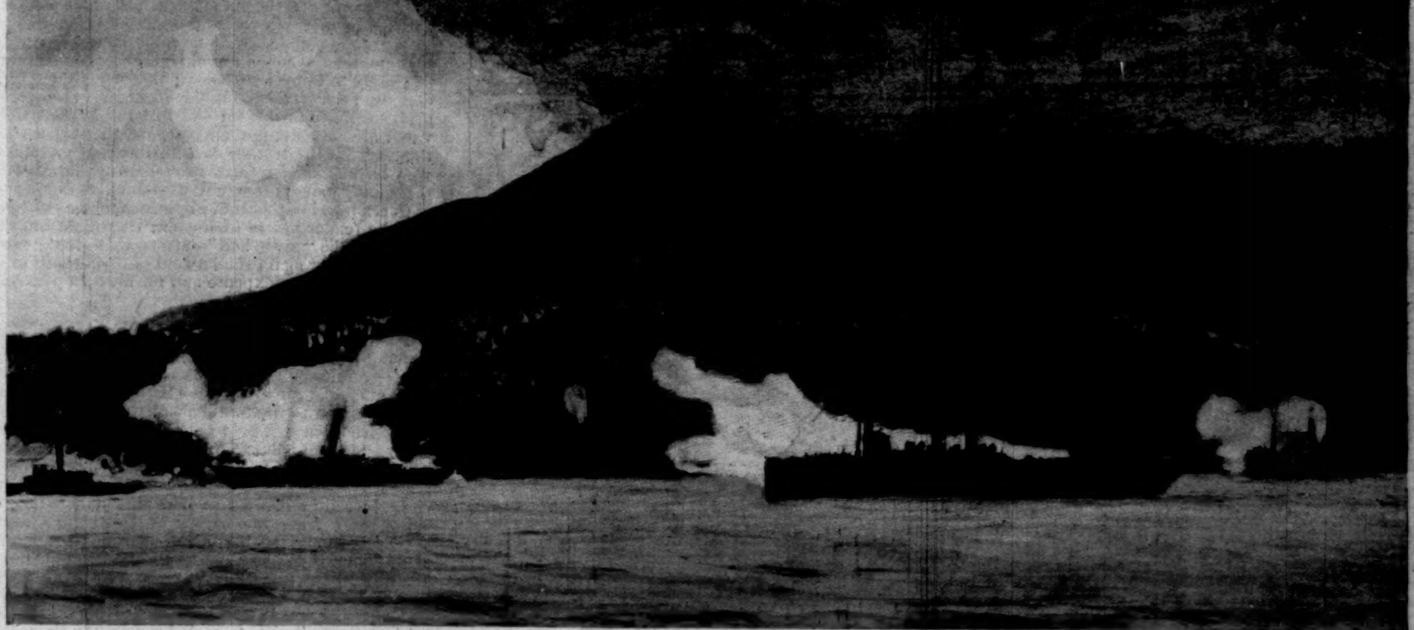


BAIQUIRI, JUNE 23—LANDING TROOPS UNDER DIFFICULTIES IN A HEAVY SEA.



ENSENADA DE LOS ALTARES, JUNE 24—THE FIRST CAMP ON THE BEACH.

"The 'St. Louis' kept her search-light on the beach, and the soldiers went in swimming."—*Extract from Mr. Chapman's Letter.*



SHELLING THE ENEMY OUT OF THE SHORE ROADS NEAR SANTIAGO, JUNE 24.

LANDING THE TROOPS OF THE SANTIAGO EXPEDITION.

DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET.

SEASICK SOLDIERS OF 3D UNITED STATES INFANTRY ON TRANSPORT "ARANSAS."

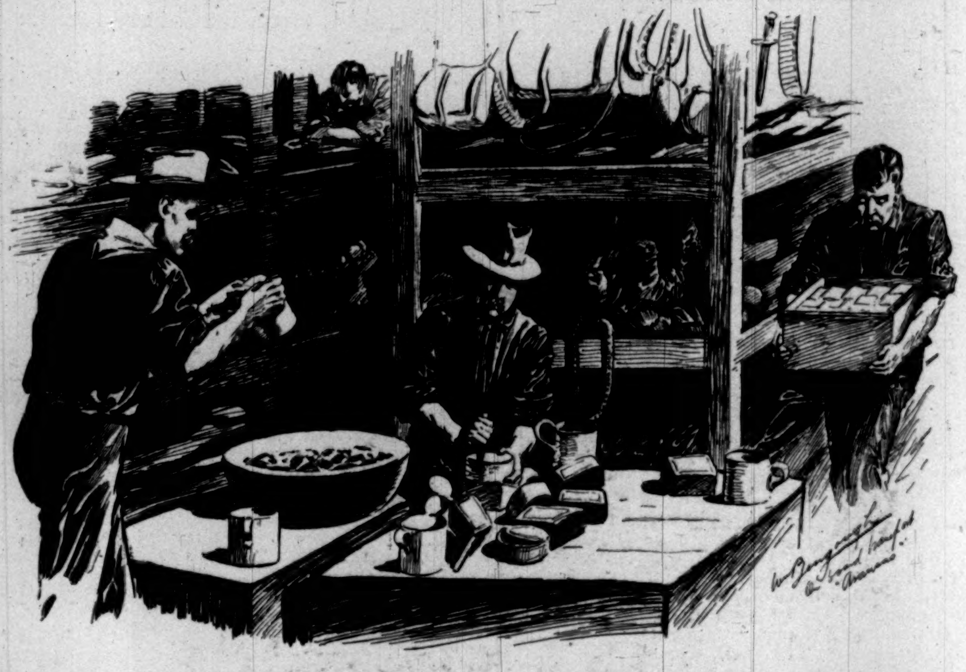
THE LOSS OF "LA BOURGOGNE."

AT five o'clock on Monday morning, July 4, the French transatlantic liner *La Bourgogne* was run into by the British full-rigged sailing-ship *Cromartyshire*, about sixty miles south of Sable Island, and sunk. The collision occurred in a fog. It appears that each ship heard the other's fog signal, but apparently too late to avoid disaster, for, almost as soon as the Britisher saw the steamship loom up in the fog, the *Cromartyshire* rammed *La Bourgogne* amidships. The two vessels then drew away from each other, and, so thick was the fog, the captain of the *Cromartyshire* thought the liner had proceeded uninjured. Not until an hour or more later, when the mist lifted, did the Englishman know of the terrible catastrophe that had resulted. The liner had sunk ten minutes after being struck!

La Bourgogne sailed from New York Saturday, July 2, with 750 souls on board. Of these, 220 were first and second cabin passengers, 297 were steerage passengers, 11 were officers, and there were 222 in the crew. Of these there were saved not one first-cabin passenger, only 11 second-cabin passengers, 51 steerage passengers, and 104 of the crew, making a total of 166 saved out of 750 in all on board. All the officers but four, and all the women but one, were drowned. There were over a hundred women on the ship, and many children. Captain Deloncle went down with his ship.

Those passengers who were saved are unanimous in asserting that the crew behaved in a most brutal and cowardly manner and displayed a woful lack of discipline. The sailors apparently made little effort to launch the life-boats, leaving this to the passengers, with whom they afterwards fought for places in the boats and on the rafts. One boat-load of women, without oars, was upset, and all were lost. Mrs. La Casse, the only woman saved, was rescued by her husband, who had to fight his way to a raft. The men in the floating boats and on the rafts hit with oars those who tried to grasp a place of safety. Some passengers assert that many of the crew and steerage used knives in fighting for places in the life-boats. The officers apparently exerted no authority whatever. When the *Cromartyshire* had rescued those on rafts and in boats, her captain, Henderson, called for volunteers to man boats and search for more survivors. The French crew refused to aid in this work. An hour later the steamship *Grecian* appeared and towed the *Cromartyshire* to Halifax. The officers of the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique, owners of *La Bourgogne*, offer as a reason why no first-cabin passengers were saved, that the first cabin companionway was totally blocked by the bending in of the ship's sides by the collision, thus effectually shutting off all avenue of escape for those in saloon state-rooms.

Conspicuous for their heroism on this occasion of relapse to the rights of brute force were three Catholic priests. These men, when they saw that the ship was bound to sink with a majority of those on board, gathered as many of the panic-stricken passengers as they could, and delivered absolution to those of their faith. None of the priests was saved. Of the first-cabin passengers, a number were well known socially, among others the wife and daughter of ex-Judge John F. Dillon, of Fair Hills, N. J.



MESS HOUR—OPENING MEAT-CANS BETWEENDECKS ON A CROWDED TRANSPORT—THREE TIERS OF BERTHS.

WITH THE TROOPS FOR SANTIAGO.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."]

ON DOCKS AT PORT TAMPA, *June 12, 1898.*

IT is after midnight, and I can't get a row-boat out to the transport *Iroquois*, that is to carry me to Cuba—and we sail to-morrow. We have been sailing to-morrow for several days, but to-morrow—we sail! I can't get a bed at the inn here—not a pallet, a blanket, a place on a billiard table, or even on the floor.

Being new and untried, I had one drawback as a correspondent, but luckily I learned my trouble early. I had no policy. A war artist found this out, and being friendly, he took me from an unfinished letter to a private room. He had something on his mind, he said, and I could finish the letter any old time.

"You don't know much about the army?"

I told him that until six weeks ago I was not able to tell a doughboy officer from a cavalryman by the stripes down his leg. He smiled with infinite pity and tolerance.

"Therefore," I said, "I am not a military critic, and shall not pass judgments and deliver opinions for some days yet."

"You've got to," he said, in a tone that ended argument. "You must have a policy. I'll give you one." And he began.

Now the war artist with pencil has no peer, and with his pen he laid bare in these columns, not long ago, the bowels of a battle-ship after a fashion that would have done no discredit to Kipling. But when he talks—there's the rub. He is a linguistic terror to the foreign attachés who are beginning to plume themselves on their English. He favors monosyllables, pauses, dashes, exclamation points, Indian sign-language, and heys, huhs, and humphs that fill out sentences, complete paragraphs, and round up elaborate argument.

"There is a lot any damn fool can say—of course—hey? But you mustn't say it—huh? Give 'em hell afterwards. That's right—ain't it? Understand? Regular army all right." (Sign-language here.) "These damn fools outside—hey? Best army in world at close of war" (sign-language). "best equipped—you understand, huh? Congress" (violent sign-language) "wanted to sqush it—sqush it—that's right—you understand—huh? Cut it down—cut it down—see? Illustrate—wanted 18,000 mules—got 2000—same principle—that's right. No use complainin' now—hey? No good—people think you complainin' of regular army—regular army all right, huh? You mustn't say it now. Give 'em hell afterwards—understand?" (Sign-language.) "All right now—go ahead."

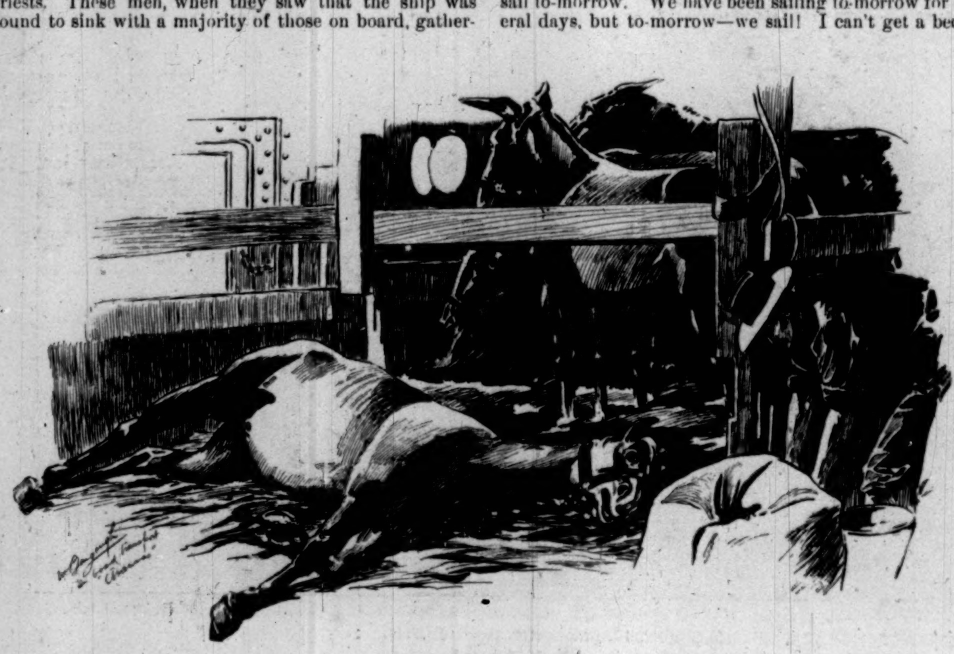
I nodded my head basely—the policy was so simple, so lucid, and I believed I might understand after I had thought it all over; and, after thinking it all over and translating the artist into English, I make out, with an active use of inference and common-sense, merely that most men in public life do no more than they have to do; that political systems shrink in consequence, until they fit closely to immediate needs; that when there is a sudden need for sudden elastic expansion the system has grown stiff from disuse; and that the honest public servants are now doing their best, and that we must be patient. That the trouble is with the men and the people who have blindly refused to recognize the possibility of the emergency now upon us—the landlubber of the Western interior, the rural Populists and the city agitators, and the tender hearts of Boston; that these are the men who are to be "given hell"—afterwards—to the particular end that never again shall a soul of them see Washington except at his own expense and for his own personal business or pleasure.

I am aboard the *Iroquois* now, and the transports are moving down the bay to St. Petersburg, where the *Iroquois* grounds on a sand bank near the docks, and an hour later anchors near by for the night. The other transports have gone on to quarantine, and we will sail to-morrow. We have been sailing to-morrow for several days, as I have said before, but to-morrow we sail!

NEARING SANTIAGO, MONDAY MORNING, *June 20, 1898.*

And we did sail. Just now we are not more than twenty miles away from the harbor of Santiago, and running fearlessly along the big, grim coast mountains of Cuba, with colors to the breeze and the band playing. In two hours we hope to hear a welcome from Sampson's guns, and then—well, nobody knows what will happen then.

The troops are in two divisions of three brigades, and with three regiments to each brigade, the Second Massachusetts and the Seventy-first New York constituting the volunteers. Besides, there is General Wheeler's cavalry of forty troops, of which four troops alone are mounted.



SEASICK HORSE ON A TROOP-SHIP.

CHIEF-TRUMPETER C. W. PLATT OF THE "ROUGH RIDERS" RAISING THE AMERICAN FLAG AT BAIQUIRI.*

But in spite of transport and war-ship, officer and soldier, I cannot realize that this is war; that this is not some strange huge excursion; that we are not to land in peace and safety, and in peace and safety go back as we came; that even at this moment a little farther down these gashed mountains, showing ever clearer through the mist, are enemies with whom the officers and soldiers around me may soon be in a death-grapple. The officers seem to realize it, however, for, while they are cheerful, an intense seriousness is perceptible under all, and an active longing to get to shore and to work. And these soldiers! cooped up as they are like chickens, short of rations, aboard here for two weeks, restless and sick with inactivity—nobody hears a word of grumbling or sees a sour face. Big fellows, strong fellows, they are—intelligent, quiet, orderly, obedient, good-natured, patient—patient beyond words. Here and now, in advance, I take off my hat with profound respect and perfect confidence to "plug" and "doughboy"—Uncle Sam's own boys of horse and of foot. They were lying asleep all over the decks this morning at daybreak. Their faces looked gray in the dawn, and some lay in attitudes that suggested ghastly premonitions. The premonitions will come true fast enough so far as some of the poor fellows are concerned, doubtless, but when the blow strikes, may it come painless and bring peace.

This boat carries "Iron" Lawton, who commands the second division; Chaffee the strong, now a brigadier-general—and the Major. General Lawton was colonel of a regiment at the close of the war, before he was twenty-one years old. He captured Geronimo, who called him "the big captain," and refrained from killing him because he made such a superb figure on horseback. Everybody who knows the army has his eye on General Chaffee; and as for the Major—there are many majors on the expedition and several on this boat, but only one *Major*. The Major was a civilian a little while ago, but he gives not a sign. At sunrise the lucky eye of observation turns without a particle of regret from the spectacle of shining Aurora rising from her bath to the pink-robed Major going down to his, so even in the race for glory are the goddess and the son of Mars. The one break in the monotony of the sail was the Major's battle. It was just after the war-ships met us off Key West, and a sudden firing began. Out ran the Major and set his pajamas fluttering from the rail.

"There they are! Three to one against us! See those Spanish ships over there? Where's the general—where's the general?" A moment later we heard him waking the general.

"General, the fight is on. The fight is on."

But the fight was not on—the *Indiana* was merely giving hoarse commands to an impudent steamer to heave to. After that a mischievous subaltern told him a secret of ordnance, and the Major got out his camp-cot and slept in the farther end of the saloon that night. Next day he reprimanded an aide for smoking below.

"Young man," he said, "don't you know that there are twenty tons of gunpowder stored in there under my state-room?"

However, merely because the Major is excitable and doesn't like his bed feathered with gunpowder is no sign that he will not fight—the Major may be a lion. The dandies fought well at Waterloo, and I imagine that certain young men under Colonel Roosevelt will give a good account of themselves when the time comes. At any rate, they are taking their medicine like men, and are asking no favors because they are gentlemen. I saw a little fellow on the docks at Tampa, brown as the skirts of his hunting-saddle at home, in a coarse blue shirt, with his tooth-brush stuck through the band of his slouch-hat, and in company with a hulking Irishman whom he called "Doc," and who called him by his first name. The "chumminess" of the two made me laugh outright, and I wondered if the Irishman knew the generative energy, social and financial, that was bottled up in his small comrade. Perhaps he did know, and most likely he cared not a whit for the same.

We are off Santiago Harbor now, and Morro Castle is plain through the thin mist, as are the battle-ships patrolling in stern procession under and past it and back again. The flag-ship has gone in to take General Shafter to confer with Sampson, while the transports pitch impatiently on a swelling sea of sapphire, and wait.

Night comes, and we hear nothing.

The belief is that Cervera has been asked over to the admiral's ship to dine with General Shafter and surrender, and the suspicion is that the three are having a high old time over the terms.

It is morning again, and we are putting out to sea—God knows whither bound. The Major has solved the problem.

"Supporting Spanish tradition," says he, "Cervera says 'Mañana.' 'Mañana be damned,' says Shafter. 'Mañana we land.'"....Apparently the Major is right, for we have made a big sea circle, and are heading straight for the shore again. But it's a false hope. However, we are to force a landing to-morrow—sure.

OFF BAIQUIRI, *June 22, 1898.*

There was a sober thrill last night through this ship. Orders came at dusk that we were to force a landing at daybreak, and General Lawton was to be the first man to set his foot on the Cuban coast. There was a quick conference, rations for three days were issued, outfits were overhauled and tightened, and all night the ship was in a bustle of eager preparation. Like a New England farmer, we got up next morning and ate breakfast in the dark; and like him, we sat around and waited for the light. Day broke and showed the big emerald-green mountains rosy with light, the coast foothills still in shadow, the spray breaking high against the low rock wall that makes the

(*Continued on page 700.*)

* Immediately upon landing at Juragua Mines, near Baiquiri, the American flag was carried by members of the First Volunteer Cavalry—"Rough Riders"—to the Spanish fort at the top of the hill overlooking the entire fleet of transports, four hundred feet above the sea. Chief-Trumpeter C. W. Platt stood upon the old stone breastworks with the flag, and when it was unfurled every steam-whistle in the fleet of transports was let loose, and every throat in the army yelled enthusiastically.

Later the flag was raised to the top of the abandoned fort, which had been perforated by one of the shells during the bombardment.—*Extract from Mr. Bengough's Letter.*

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

MODERN CIVILIZATION.

IT is observed that nature's supply of food for infants is lacking in the higher civilization; but the deficiency is perfectly supplied by the use of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk.—[*Adv.*]

A ROYAL road to good digestion:—*via* ABBOTT'S—the ORIGINAL ANGOSTURA BITTERS. Good for the stomach, pleasant to taste. Get only the genuine—"ABBOTT'S."—[*Adv.*]

NOTHING contributes more towards a sound digestion than DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Pears'

To keep the skin clean is to wash the excretions from it off; the skin takes care of itself inside, if not blocked outside.

To wash it often and clean, without doing any sort of violence to it, requires a most gentle soap, a soap with no free alkali in it.

Pears', the soap that clears but not excoriates.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

NEVER HAS ANYTHING BEEN SO HIGHLY AND SO JUSTLY PRAISED AS

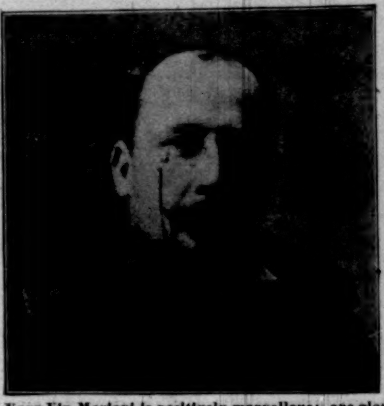
VIN MARIANI

MARIANI WINE, the FAMOUS TONIC for BODY, NERVES and BRAIN.

GEN. SIR EVELYN WOOD Says:

"Regarding the infantry marching in the recent manœuvres, it was the best seen during my command at Aldershot. Many officers availed themselves of the tonic and reconstituent properties of the well-known Mariani Wine, the most certain as well as the most palatable method of inducing resistance to fatigue."
From "The London Sketch."

MAX O'RELL,
The Renowned Writer and Lecturer, Writes:



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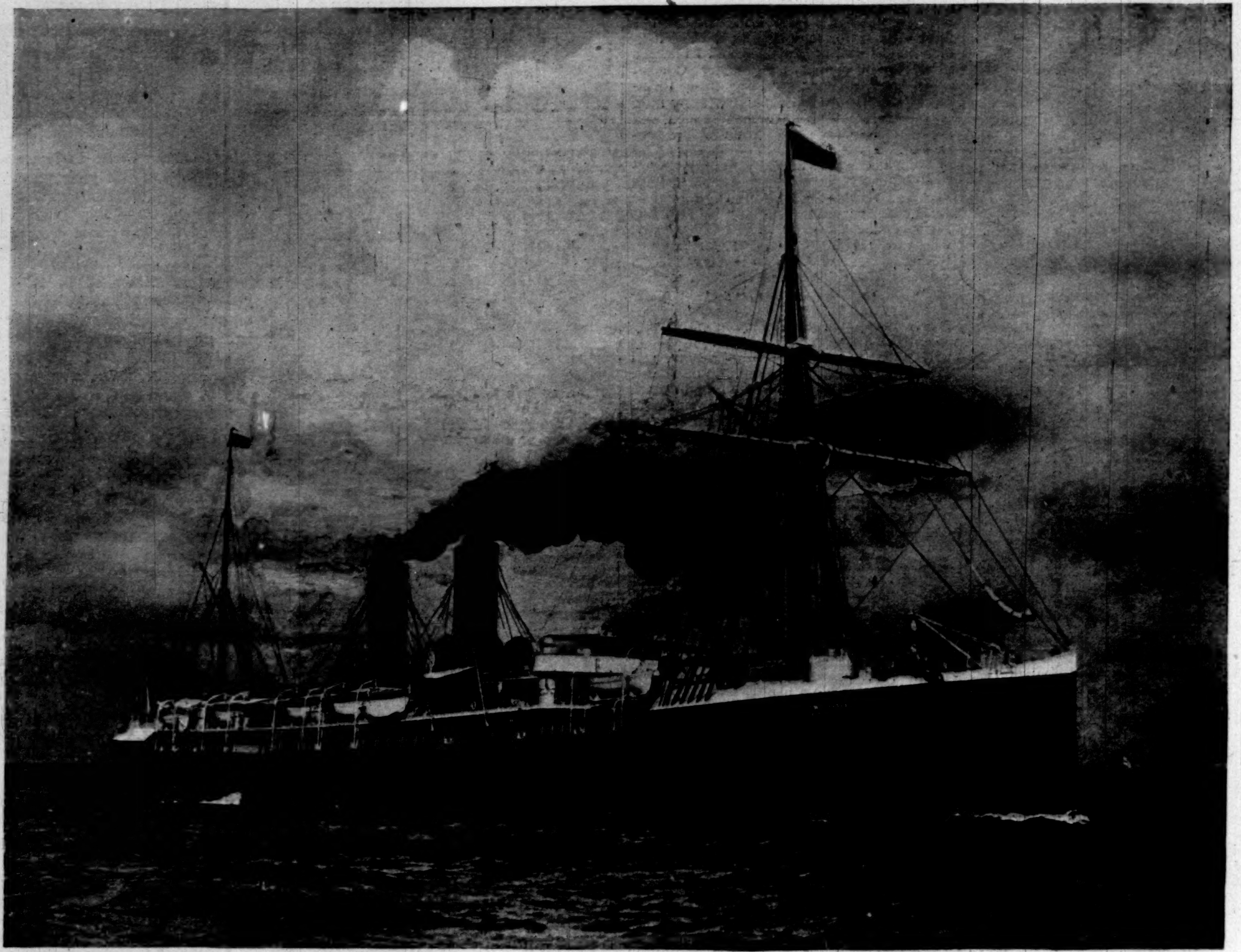

"LA BOURGOGNE," OF THE COMPAGNIE GÉNÉRALE TRANSATLANTIQUE, SUNK IN COLLISION WITH THE BRITISH SHIP "CROMARTYSHIRE," OFF SABLE ISLAND, JULY 4, WITH A LOSS OF 565 LIVES OUT OF 725.—[See Page 698.]

(*Continued from page 699.*)

coast-line, and the ship floating alone in a little bay that curved like a horseshoe shorewards. And we kept on waiting. Other transports gathered; the lifting mist showed a long pier stretching into the bay and loaded with tram-cars, and the frame houses of a little mining-town—Baiquiri. Flames shot up from the town—the Spaniards were burning up the property that might be of value to us. The war-ships steamed lazily in. Natty, self-important little steam-launches began to sputter through the bay, towing a train of landing-boats, each manned by two jolly Jackies in white—and still we waited. The captain of the *Indiana*, it was said, had sent word that there was important work ahead to make the landing safe. In the middle of the forenoon and down towards Santiago a herd of maddened bulls began to bellow out in the Cuban hills. Firing had begun, and General Kent was making a feint of landing in another little bay at another little coast town—Juragua. Below that point still another bombardment was going on to keep the Dons guessing. Meanwhile the Jackies and middies and naval cadets were busy, and landing-boats stuffed with slouch-hats, blue shirts, and bristling gun-muzzles were being towed into position behind a little launch, in which stood the colossal figure of Lawton, upright and ready to lead the way. But just a moment, please.

To the right of the bay loomed a foot-hill, shaped like a huge grave, with one end steep from the sea, covered thickly on the sides with trees, terraced with palisades, and pointed on top by a Spanish block-house, the conical roof of which caught the sun like brass.

At the foot of this the boats must land, and there was no telling what game the Spaniard was playing under cover on that still hill, and up the quiet ravine on the other side, nor what the card he held up his sleeve. So the *New Orleans*, the ex-Brazilian cruiser, went ahead to investigate. As she passed the transport a megaphone shouted, "Three cheers for the army!" and the Jackies waved and cheered, while the doughboys crowded on the forward deck, and clinging to the rigging, waved and cheered back mightily. A little later the *New Orleans* gave a deep, hoarse cough as a signal, and a puff of smoke from her starboard side was quickly answered by a cloud of smoke high on the hill where her shell burst. At once the *Castine* and the *Annapolis* began to clear the throats of their guns. The little *Vixen* barked a note of sharp inquiry; the tug *Wompatuck*, with all the pride of a recruit at his first target practice, barked too, and all were fused into an angry chorus. At first they searched that hill, smoke belching from the ships like the spray spouting along the coast, and smoke forming into little clouds and rising on the hill as mist forms and rises there after a rain.

The shells whistled over the hill, screamed through the woods over the gray palisades, or crashed into dark cave-

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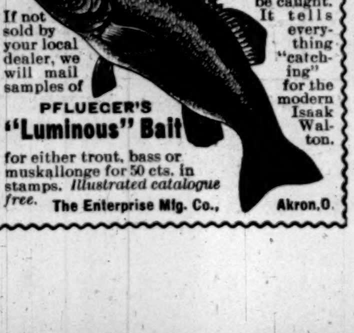

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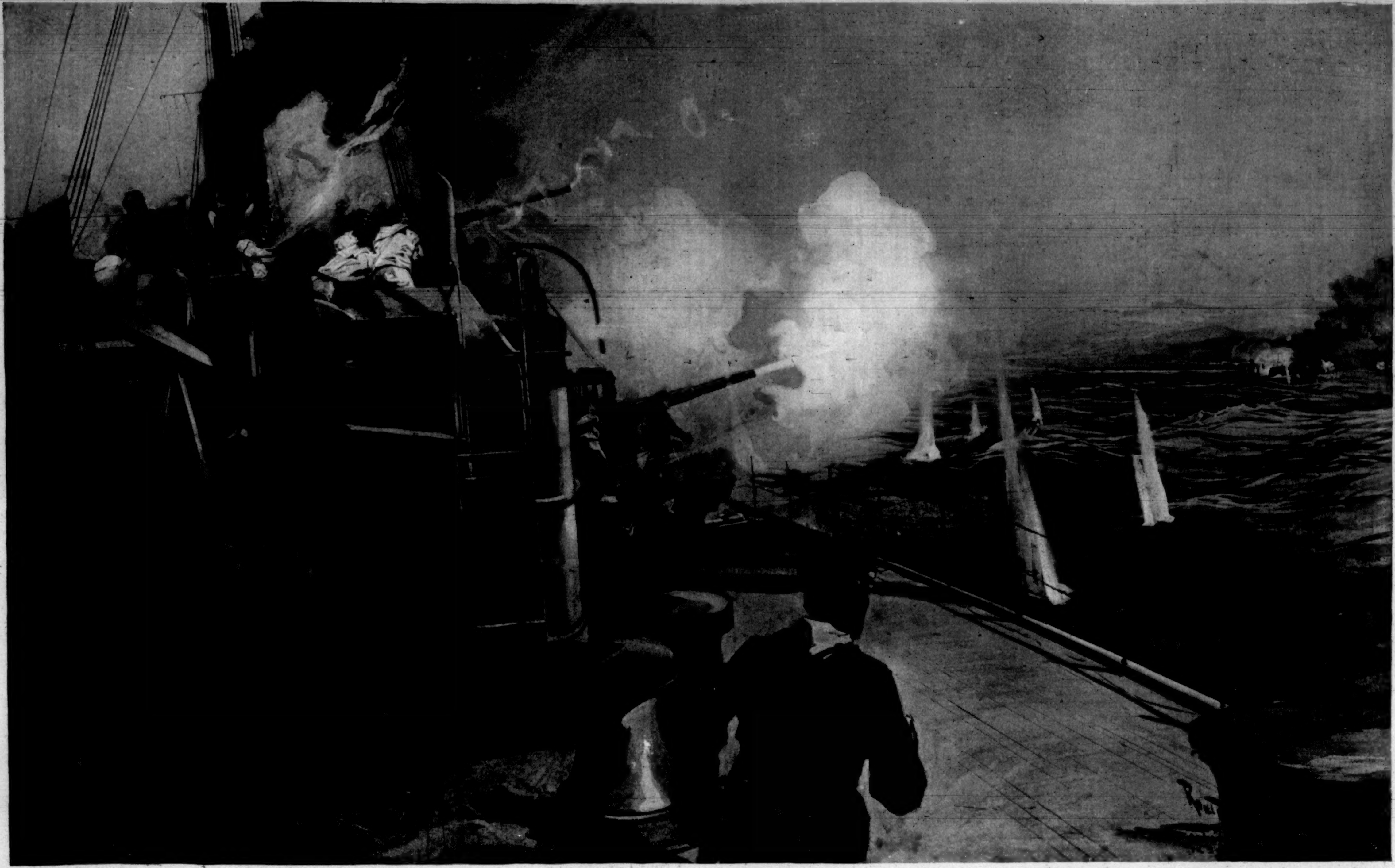


THE AUXILIARY CRUISER "ST. PAUL" REPULSING THE SPANISH TORPEDO-BOAT-DESTROYER "TERROR" OFF SAN JUAN DE PUERTO RICO, JUNE 22.

Drawn by H. Reuterdahl from Descriptions and Sketches by Captain Charles D. Sigsbee, U.S.N., Commanding "St. Paul."

like spots under the rocks—bursting with rage that nothing could be found, and spitting smoke and dust like demons. By-and-by a humorous gunner or two took that shining mark on the peak of the hill—the silent block-house—and a howling imp of a shell whirled closer and even closer, until the mark was lost in a cloud of smoke. Then how Jackie and doughboy roared! The house seemed to have been swept into the air; but there it stood, still impudent and shining, when all was clear again. It was a close shot, however, and that gunner needed but one more trial; but there was better work for him now; and besides, that house was needed for a better purpose than ruin. At sunset the little *Vixen*, steaming closer, had sent a casual messenger into a dark ravine on the other side of the hill, and had made a find. Spaniards broke from it like partridges from a cover, and every gun was turned on them. A few insurgents, who had been waiting for this near by, joined in the fusillade, and the Spaniards—three hundred of them—fled. Whether any were killed is not known yet, but a wayward shell found its way among the Cubans and gave two of them slight wounds. The way was clear now, and General Lawton steamed in and landed his men without the firing of a shot.

It is late in the afternoon now, and the hard-working Jackies have been piped to supper. To the right of the town I can see a short line of insurgents drawn up, perhaps for picket duty for the night. From the harbor every eye turns curiously upward to the block-house high above them. Two men are in plain sight near it—Cubans, Spaniards, or what not nobody in the harbor knows. One of them climbs to the roof, and the other hands him up something. Then a yell breaks from every throat, and a whistle, shrill or hoarse, from every craft in the harbor. Old Glory is fluttering against a bank of low-hung clouds. The stars and stripes are loose to winds from the mountain and winds from the sea. Just now they stream steadily in a wind from the sunset, as though they were ready to be borne and planted, where they soon will be—over Santiago.

JOHN FOX, JR.

OFF SANTIAGO.

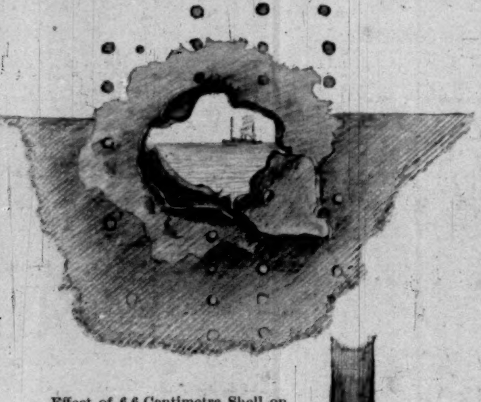
June 26.

SINCE the *Vesuvius* joined the fleet she has been in the habit of throwing a few charges of guncotton into the defences of Santiago almost every night, going in quite close, and firing with an accuracy that has wrought great execution to the enemy's works.

On Wednesday night she landed a shell on Cay Smith that struck a storehouse and completely annihilated it, the force of the explosion tearing a great hole in the earth, and producing a tremendous and deafening report that could be heard a long distance.

The day following this successful shot a Spanish soldier was captured in the woods and brought in. He had run away from Santiago, and frankly stated that though he had been nearly starved, and in danger of getting killed by the shells of the American ships that were liable to drop in on them at any time, yet he had not thought of running away until the Americans began throwing *earthquakes* into the forts, when he became thoroughly convinced that the best thing he could do was to escape from such a dangerous neighborhood. From the ships the Spanish can be seen, after one of these bombardments, digging in the heaps of sand and dirt thrown up by exploding shells and loading into carts the bodies of the dead. What their losses have been is a matter of conjecture, but certainly they have been considerable.

On Wednesday, while the troops were preparing to land at Baiquiri, the coast was thoroughly shelled in that neighborhood, and as far west as the batteries beyond Santiago. The *Texas*, in front of the heavy western battery, which has been her station all along, was struck by a 6.6-centimetre shell, that penetrated the forward compartment on the gun-deck and exploded, killing one man and wounding eight. There are four 6-pounder rapid-fire guns in this space, none of which was in action; but the crew of each were at their stations, and nearly every man was struck by the pieces of flying shell.



Effect of 6.6-Centimetre Shell on unarmored Section of "Texas," piercing 1¼ inches of Steel, killing one and wounding eight Men.

Deck Stanchion smashed by same Shell.

The ship is not armored in this section, except against small rapid-fire guns, the total thickness of the sides being 1¼ inches; the outer plating, one inch thick, was cut clean with clean sharp edges, the inner and thinner plate being bent back in an irregular shape, as if it had been the cover of a tin can.

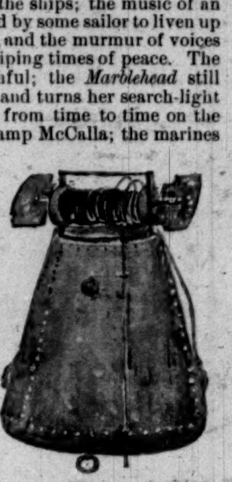
A deck stanchion in the path of the projectile was cut through, but the upper and lower parts were left standing. The shell must have exploded right here, and a man standing near was terribly burned by the flame. The whole compartment filled with dense smoke and a suffocating odor of escaping gas. A hawser coiled on a spool that reached to the deck above was knocked to pieces. The force of the explosion made a great dent in the ship's side opposite to the hole made by the shell in entering. The side frames and deck beams adjoining were bent and twisted, and the deck cut with great gashes. It seems remarkable that more men were not killed outright; as it is, all will probably recover, except possibly the man who was burned, who is very badly injured. All the wounded, with the exception of one man, who was not badly hurt, were taken up to Guantanamo and put on the *Solace*.

When the poor fellow who was so badly burned was being bandaged up he asked the doctor, in a faint voice, "Was that a Dago shell or a premature explosion, doctor." When told that it was a Dago shell, he said, "Then it's all right." The man who was killed was F. R. Blakely, an apprentice just passed his twenty-first year; his term of service had recently expired, and he had re-enlisted. He was buried at sea that evening, in the deep waters off Santiago, and the funeral service was read for the first time in the fleet since coming here.

Launches from the *Marblehead* and *Dolphin* have been busy searching the upper channels at Guantanamo for mines, and so far ten have been taken up and put where they can do no harm.

The *Texas* struck one, and got it on board, where it remains as a trophy. These mines were put down by German engineers, some as recently as April, 1898. All are contact mines, but none apparently in perfect order, for they failed to explode when bumped by the propellers of the *Marblehead* and *Texas*. The cable from Guantanamo to Mole St. Nicholas has been repaired, and is now working night and day under government supervision. The newspaper men hasten there to file their bulletins, and it seems quite "United States" to have a cable-office so handy. The office is a little box of a place twelve feet square, built of corrugated iron and lined with wood. It is right on the beach near Camp McCalla, and has a couple of shot-holes through it for additional ventilation, and as souvenirs of the arrival of the marines.

Guantanamo Bay might be in the immediate neighborhood of New York, from its appearance nowadays, crowded with colliers, transports, war-ships, and despatch-boats. At night lights shine out from the ships; the music of an accordion or a harmonica, played by some sailor to liven up the hours, comes over the water, and the murmur of voices and other concomitants of the piping times of peace. The war-ships are silent and watchful; the *Marblehead* still guards the entrance of the bay, and turns her search-light on any approaching craft, and from time to time on the dark shores. All is quiet in Camp McCalla; the marines turn in early, and only an occasional hail from a sentry tells that some there are not sleeping.



Submarine Mine struck and picked up by U.S.S. "Texas" in Guantanamo Bay.

The landing of the troops at Baiquiri was accomplished under difficulties. The wind stirred up quite a sea both days, and the cutters and launches jumped about a good deal, giving the soldiers a drenching of spray if they escaped a ducking in the surf which rolled in on the beach. There is a big iron pier there, but only one steamer at a time could lie alongside, and there was no landing-place worth the name save the beach. Two men were drowned on Wednesday, and several horses were also lost; but considering the size of the undertaking, it was handled with great success. Launches and cutters from the fleet were pressed into service, and the sailors had all the hard work they wanted in managing their overloaded boats. We have a good many more skilled boatmen in the service now than when they began the task, and the value of such sharp training cannot be overestimated.

A good many of the horses were put overboard and allowed to swim ashore, the bugles calling them in with the musical water-call. With one or two exceptions, all got ashore safely. One poor beast got confused by the multitude of boats and headed out to sea; he was having a hard time in the rough water, and was apparently giving out, when finally a boat was lowered and succeeded, after a struggle, in getting the tired animal turned toward the land. Hundreds of soldiers were watching the little drama from near-by transports; they all gave a ringing cheer when the rescue was accomplished. It was a pretty and natural exhibition of the soldiers' ready sympathy, if it was only a poor army horse in the midst of so many exciting incidents. A big ship passed near us, the men lined up ready to go ashore, boats swarmed alongside, and the band struck up "There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night!"

CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

DIARY OF THE WAR.

(*Continued from page 683.*)

week ago to-day. Here, as at El Caney, it was a question of capturing trenches and block-houses before attaining the town itself. The advance was made up a steep clearing, and the enemy, firing only too accurately, did not yield until fairly driven out of the trenches by a final rush "as though our men intended to catch them with their hands." Equal courage was shown by the Seventy-first New York, with the Sixteenth and Sixth regulars, in their charge uphill upon another seemingly impregnable position, which they carried, though at a terrible sacrifice. At four o'clock in the afternoon a block-house near the San Juan River was taken by the Ninth Cavalry, the "Rough Riders," and the First and Tenth Cavalry; then San Juan itself fell before the Sixteenth and Thirteenth Cavalry, the Seventh, Ninth, Tenth, and "Rough Riders." For some of our men it was the second and for others the third charge of the day, uphill and against an enemy fighting with a last-trench desperation. At Aguadores, on the coast east of Morro, the fortifications were shelled by the *New York*, *Suwanee*, and *Gloucester*.

Saturday, July 2.—Determined efforts to retake San Juan were made. The enemy was repulsed with great loss. General Vara del Rey, who commanded the Spanish force at El Caney, has been killed. He was second in command to General Linares, who has been disabled by a wound. Next in succession is José Toral. Four batteries, advanced to more favorable positions, threw shells into Santiago, and aided the movement of troops under General Lawton to extend our lines north of the city. Colonel Escario arrived at Santiago with about four thousand men to re-enforce the garrison.

Sunday, July 3.—The situation is stated in a despatch from General Shafter to Secretary Alger, which is, in part, as follows: "My lines completely surround the town [Santiago] from the bay on the north of the city to a point on the San Juan River." Another despatch includes interesting correspondence:

To the Commanding General of the Spanish Forces, Santiago de Cuba:

SIR,—I shall be obliged, unless you surrender, to shell Santiago de Cuba. Please inform the citizens of foreign countries and all women and children that they should leave the city before 10 o'clock to-morrow morning. Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

W. R. SHAFTER, Major-General U.S.A.

His Excellency the General Commanding Forces of United States, San Juan River:

SIR,—I have the honor to reply to your communication of to-day, written at 8.30 A.M., and received at 1 P.M., demanding the surrender of this city, on the contrary case announcing to me that you will bombard the city, and that I advise the foreign women and children that they must leave the city before 10 o'clock to-morrow morning. It is my duty to say to you that this city will not surrender, and that I will inform the foreign consuls and inhabitants of the contents of your message. Very respectfully,

JOSÉ TORAL, Commander-in-Chief, Fourth Corps.

The Commanding General Spanish Forces, Santiago de Cuba:

SIR,—In consideration of the request of the consuls and officers in your city for delaying carrying out my intention to fire on the city, and in the interest of the poor women and children, who will suffer very greatly by their hasty and enforced departure from the city, I have the honor to announce that I will delay such action solely in their interest until noon of the 5th, provided during the interval your forces make no demonstration whatever upon those of my own. I am, with great respect, your obedient servant, W. R. SHAFTER,

Major-General U. S. A., Commanding.

Admiral Cervera's fleet, leaving Santiago Harbor and attempting to pass our war-ships stationed off the coast at that point, was destroyed. Despatches from Admiral Sampson and Commodore Watson follow:

The fleet under my command offers the nation as a Fourth of July present the destruction of the whole of Cervera's fleet—not one escaped. It attempted to escape at 9.30 this morning. At two the last ship, the *Cristóbal Colon*, had run ashore sixty miles west of Santiago, and has let down her colors. The *Infanta Maria Teresa*, *Oquendo*, and *Vizcaya* were forced ashore, burned, and blown up within twenty miles of Santiago. The *Furor* and *Pluton* were destroyed within four miles of the port. Our loss, one killed and two wounded. Enemy's loss probably several hundred from gun-fire, explosions, and drowning. About 1300 prisoners, including Admiral Cervera. The man killed was G. H. Ellis, chief yeoman of the *Brooklyn*.

SAMPSON.

At 9.30 to-day Spanish squadron, seven in all, including one gunboat, came out of Santiago in column, and was totally destroyed within an hour, excepting *Cristóbal Colon*, which was chased 45 miles to westward by the Commander-in-Chief, *Brooklyn*, *Oregon*, and *Texas*, surrendering to *Brooklyn*, but was beached to prevent sinking. ...

WATSON.

Press despatches add that the flag-ship *New York* had gone eastward to Siboney, where Admiral Sampson held a conference with General Shafter, but returned in time to join in the chase of the *Colon*. Extraordinary gallantry, according to all accounts, was shown by Captain Wainwright, commanding the converted yacht *Gloucester*.

Monday, July 4.—Admiral Cervera is quoted, in a despatch to the New York *Herald*, as saying to the correspondent of that paper to-day, "I received orders twice from Madrid to leave Santiago Harbor and go to Havana .... and I gave the order for my fleet to dash forth to almost certain destruction."

Tuesday, July 5.—Refugees from Santiago, who arrived at Kingston, Jamaica, to-day, say that opinion is divided in regard to surrendering the city, the archbishop with many of the inhabitants and some of the soldiers wishing to yield, while Linares and the higher officers declare they will "burn the city to the ground first."

The demand for surrender of Santiago was repeated, and again rejected. The truce was extended.

Despatches from the front give our losses at Santiago as follows: Killed, 16 officers and 339 men; wounded, 1252. The returns are still imperfect.

Wednesday, July 6.—In exchange for prisoners captured by our forces, the Spanish authorities released Hobson and his seven companions who sunk the *Merrimac* in the channel of Santiago Harbor.

Despatches from Gibraltar and London state that Camara's squadron has been recalled to protect the Spanish coast.

Thursday, July 7.—A despatch received to-day by Secretary Long from Admiral Dewey says, under date of July 4: "The United States troops have been landed, and have been comfortably housed at Cavité. Insurgents still active. Aguinaldo proclaimed himself President of the revolutionary republic on July 1."

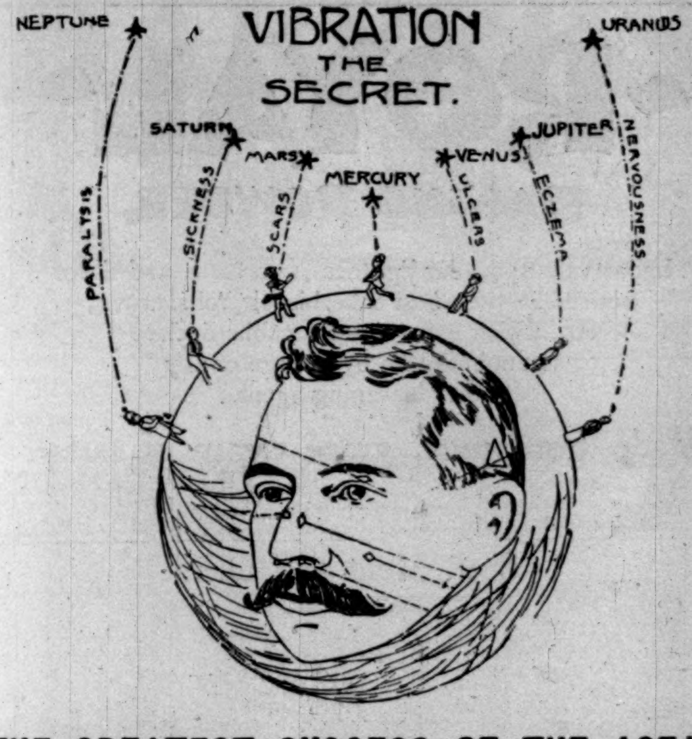
President McKinley signed the Hawaiian annexation resolution.

Nelson A. Miles, Major-General commanding the United States army, left Washington for Santiago, *viâ* Charleston.

Extensions of the armistice have been accorded—first, that there might be an opportunity for non-combatants to leave Santiago; and second (from Wednesday until Saturday), that the Spanish commander might communicate with his government in regard to the demand for surrender. Meanwhile our lines have been strengthened, siege-guns and mortar-batteries are in position, re-enforcements are on the way, and at Washington there has been discussion of plans for co-operation between army and navy.

Friday, July 8.—A despatch from Madrid states that General Correa, Minister of War, has received from General Toral, commanding at Santiago, the important communication (referred to under date of July 7) in relation to the surrender of the city. Toral says, after giving the terms of General Shafter's demand, that he has communicated with Captain-General Blanco, and warned all foreigners, who are now almost the sole inhabitants, and he adds, "It is necessary to remember that we are short of provisions, and that the troops have endured three years' campaigning."

Congress adjourned.



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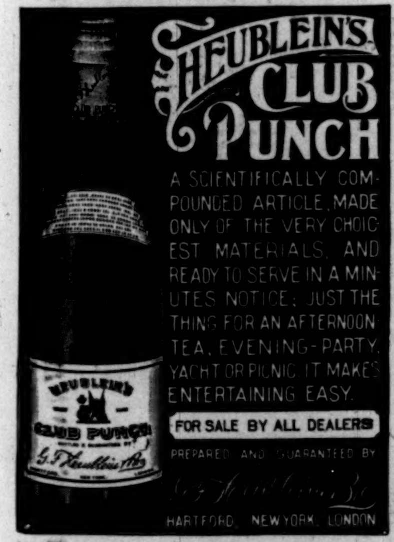

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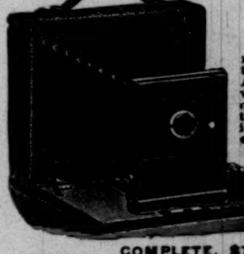

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